

THE
HISTORY
OF
JULIA D'HAUMONT:
OR THE
EVENTFUL CONNECTION
OF THE
HOUSE OF MONTMELIAN
WITH THAT OF
D'HAUMONT.

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JULIA D'HAUMONT.

CHAPTER I.

So fiends unchain'd the brand of discord wield;
So the shrill clarion mads the martial field;
Prepar'd for blood, Ambition stalks the world,
'Till the avenging banner is unfurl'd.

IN the war of the League, which threatened that feeble monarch, Henry III. with the loss of his crown, the ancestor of the Count D'Haumont served under the celebrated though turbulent, Duke of Guise. Having great extent of domain in the province of Dauphiny, he was enabled to strengthen the army of the Duke with repeated levies, and to contribute great supplies to his military chest. A champion for the Catholic cause, he was persuaded, by the policy of the Duke, to enlist under his pretended banner, and he signalized himself in various enterprises against the unhappy Hugonots.

Idolized for his extensive benevolence, and followed by his troops, with the best qualities of a soldier to insure success--reverence for his person, and complete confidence in his martial abilities, he proved always a most successful leader.

John, the name of this Count, married a daughter of Marshal Bellegard, a distinguished soldier in those days; she was educated in the luxurious Court of Henry, celebrated for beauty and many accomplishments of her sex. On one of the military expeditions of the Count, his Lady was left at his Castle of Creve Cœur, on the banks of the river Durance, in Dauphiny. Having received a dangerous wound, which confined him to his bed, he had repeatedly, by letter, solicited the presence of his wife, to sooth him in his last moments, as also to receive instructions respecting the state of his affairs in case of his decease.

Express after express had reached the Countess, who always feigned excuses, to prevent immediate compliance with his commands; and, on a

positive injunction to repair to him, as the state of his health became more and more critical, he was at last obliged to yield to her excuses, alleging pregnancy and the hazard of making so long a journey. This increase of affliction made his case desperate, and his life was despaired of.

After a doubtful conflict of many days, the strength of his constitution surmounted the agony of his mind: By degrees he recovered strength enough to entertain hopes of setting off to visit his Castle, and to clasp to his bosom a woman whom his heart so fondly cherished.

Proceeding by slow and cautious stages in a litter, he was enabled to approach his domain, and would have reached his castle before the night was far advanced ; but unhappily, as he was entering a narrow ravin of the road, skirted by a thick forest, himself and attendants were attacked by a band of ruffians. On the onset a voice was heard to exclaim " Count, Count, the Hugonots are now revenged," but which afterwards was proved to be only

a device of his murderers to conceal a preconcerted outrage.

The attendants bravely defended their beloved master to their last gasp. The Count being pierced in the body with several shot fired at him, was thrown from his litter, still fighting hand to hand; and fell at last covered with wounds, having dispatched one or more of his assailants.

From the nature of the pass, a deep rocky road, and the sides scarped, all possibility of flight being prevented, the whole of the attendants of the Count were suddenly surprized and cut off. The body of the Count, with those of his followers, were buried on the spot, to prevent discovery. Many years after the horrid catastrophe, the surviving son of the Count caused a diligent search to be made, and the remains of his unfortunate parent were discovered by some insignia or other cognizable marks. He afterwards ordered them to be deposited with great solemnity in the castle, and a splendid mausoleum to be erected over them.

A short time after the untimely death of the brave Count John D'Haumont, which all the province of Dauphiny deplored, the Countess was married to the Count Montmelian of Grenoble, a young, spirited, and enterprising soldier, serving under the Duke of Guise, and who had been dispatched to this seigniory of the Count D'Haumont, to negotiate for certain subsidies respecting the league.

The murder of the Count having reached the ear of his brother, attached to the Court interest, and then at Paris, he flew with the utmost expedition to the Castle of Crève Cœur, and snatched an infant son from the suspected mother, rightly judging that the assassins of the father would extend their vengeance to the extermination of the house of Haumont ; more especially as reports had been spread, that the Hugonots, so formidably opposed by the family, were the perfidious contrivers of the unhappy death of the Count.

The good uncle, using both intreaty and violence, having taken the young

Count under his protection, conveyed him to Paris, where he was fostered and educated with all possible tenderness and care; but the benevolence and vigilance of the uncle a short time afterwards turned the sword of revenge against his own breast, and he was found in a dark night, in one of the streets of Grenoble, covered with blood and wounds.

John the Count did not die intestate; for having the most perfect attachment to the Countess, his bequests were made accordingly; and though the executorship was vested between her and the uncle, the former had the principal power in the appropriation of the revenues.

After the marriage of the Countess with Montmelian, she left the castle, and repaired to the court at Paris; and in a circle of splendor, they both drew on them the notice of the State. Her indiscreet and hasty nuptials, joined to the universal estimation of her late Count, made their reception cold, and they soon found themselves humbled and mortified by the frowns of the

Sovereign. The lofty spirit of Montmelian, impatient under the marked displeasure of the king and the nobility, determined him to embrace the conspiracy of Amboise, raised by the Prince of Condé, where he was resolved to retaliate for the insults which himself and the Countess had received. Having embraced the Hugonot party on the death of the Prince, killed at the battle of Jarnac, he was obliged to fly to his Castle of Crève Cœur, to which the Countess had retired during the troubles of this religious war.

In a short time after his flight, the party of the King, skirmishing in Dauphiny, finding the castle badly defended, and as badly provided, laid siege to it, and the Count defended himself with great valour, in hopes of fresh supplies; but he was soon obliged to confess that personal valour is of little avail, when the confidence of the troops be shaken, and the cause suspected. The tenants, to a man, flocked to the king's party, deploring the loss of their late beloved Count, and determined to revenge his death on Montmelian, whom they con-

sidered as the instigator of his murderers.

The castle was entered, the greater part of the besieged put to the sword, and many, by the fierce revenge of the assailants forced to precipitate themselves from the battlements into the river Durance, which washed the lower works of the castle. When the interior was gained, search was made for the Count and Countess, to drag them to that fate which, it was supposed, their crimes merited. On breaking into the state apartment of the castle, the miserable victims of remorse were found bleeding to death. Montmelian had plunged his sword into his heart, and had breathed his last; the Countess only survived to exclaim, pointing to the body of Montmelian, "The wretch that lies there thought to silence my tongue by a death, justly inflicted for my transgressions; but the God of mercy and forgiveness has suffered me yet to live to extenuate my guilt by confession, and to ask pardon for my sins. My criminal passion for this barbarous man, made me conspire against the life of my much injured Count."—

Similar words she uttered, and thus the hapless ancestor of the present Count D'Haumont was avenged.

Imprest by religious compunction, and by a course of the most striking visitations of Providence, the house of Montmelian was desirous of expiating the injustice done to the house of Haumont. For this purpose it had attached itself for a series of years to the fortune of the latter; and such was the zeal and perseverance of the former Counts, under this pious principle; that the father of the present Count D'Haumont, sympathising with the unabating impression of the family, formed a resolution to efface the remembrance of the crime, by establishing a lasting concord between the houses.

Wherefore, having interested himself in the fortune of the house of Montmelian, by ties of the most conscientious nature, he enjoined in his will, that his own son should forfeit his residence on his Seigniory, unless by surviving issue on each side, an alliance between the houses could be established. Prudence also enjoined him

to this measure, as a precaution inspired by religious zeal to produce a lasting concord and alliance between the families, whose domains were neighbouring to each other.

The Count D'Haumont immediately concerned in these memoirs, was educated with the Count Montmelian; but disparity of sentiments, and prejudices infused by some collateral branches of the family, caused an early separation to take place between them, which soon followed on the death of the late Count D'Haumont, and which concurred to produce the extraordinary will for the exclusion of his son, unless he complied with the terms stipulated.

The son, acquainted with his exclusion from his native home, soon launched into the bustle of the gay world, and to the middle period of life had scarcely glanced on the conditions of his father's bequests. In the possession of splendid fortune, talents, and justly acquired fame from his military attachment to his sovereign, he found himself secure in the estima-

tion of numerous friends, and in the domestic felicity of an amiable consort. He had purchased a fine chateau at La Prarie, on the banks of the Seine in Normandy, and his days were divided between Paris and that province.

Fashion, pleasure, and court attendance, averted his thoughts from the obligations due to his father; and he had suffered his only child to remain under the influence of a conventual seminary for education, to the full period of her introduction into the world.

Julia D'Haumont was entering her eighteenth year, before he had fixed his resolution to withdraw her from the Convent of St. Esprit, to introduce her to the circles of his connections; yet in this he was governed more by a deep rooted prejudice against the alliance with the house of Haumont, than from the neglect which might be placed to his numerous engagements.

But the period was now arrived when her personal charms, and the most accomplished education, were to be signalized in the career of fashion

and high pretensions. The obligation of his filial duty, as the critical period was at hand, now laid heavy on his heart. Count Montmelian had arrived ; he was at this moment returned from Italy, with his son, where he resided a portion of the year, when his concerns did not demand his presence at Grenoble, or to superintend the seignory of Haumont, which was left in trust to him by the late Count, until such time as the alliance of the family was ratified ; or until a rightful specification of the impracticability of the alliance could be manifested to the satisfaction of the trustees. The Count foresaw the necessity of deciding on this interesting event ; harrassed with conflicting thoughts on the completion of the alliance ; swayed by filial ties on one side, and insuperable repugnance on the other, he was at last resolved to favour the visits and pretensions of the son of the Marquis St. Julien, of one of the first houses in France, a youth of great promise.

The day arrived when an interview was to take place between Montmelian and himself—the Count re-

ceived him with reserve. The former was solicitous to urge the alliance ; the latter waved an immediate ratification, by pleading youth on the side of his daughter ; setting forth as an excuse, the necessity of waiting to the end of her minority : he also urged the freedom of choice, and peremptorily declared against compulsory means to operate the union.

Chilled by the uncourteous reception of the Count, Montmelian departed with visible mortification ; nor would the Count listen to any terms for the continuance of a familiar interview between the young people. The stern deportment of the father served to strengthen the natural prejudice of the Count, and to cherish the pretensions of St. Julien to the hand of Julia : Thus having infringed the filial obligation to his deceased father, the eventful success he was determined to place upon a venture.

Montmelian, aware of the natural prejudice in the breast of the Count, found he had little to hope from his obedience to the injunctions of his

father, and he therefore sought other methods to force him to compliance.

*Extract from a Manuscript of the late
Count D'Haumont.*

It bore the following superscription :

*“ Memoirs of the House of Haumont, and
its connexions with the House of Mont-
melian.”*

It began with the murder of John the Count, on his expedition in the wars of the Duke of Guise: It afterwards briefly touched on the son of the Montmelians, the guilty offspring of his marriage with the widow of the unfortunate Count. This youth was educated in the wars against the Spaniards, under John de Bourbon, and who lost his life at an advanced age, by the hands of his own son. He was in a skirmish against the enemy, and being surprised and surrounded, setting spurs to his horse, with sword in hand, resolutely attempted to cut his way through the adverse party. His son, who was at a short distance, beheld the danger of his father, and the

weakness of his escort; and flew with a party of troops to his rescue. The assailants fled; but receiving a bullet in his breast, from the hand of his son, discharged at random against the enemy, he died in his arms on the field of battle.

The dreadful fate of the father had a pious effect on the son, who ended his life in austere penance, in expiation of the unfortunate deed; and his estates devolved to his brother, afterwards slain in a battle against the Switzers. The son of this man was Louis Montmelian, educated as a soldier, scholar, and divine. Graceful in person, and noble in his exploits, he gained early renown for his abilities as a Statesman and a General.—The wars of the Venetians against the Turks, fired him with the principles of a crusade. He was entrusted with a distinguished command, and after having signalized himself in difficult and hazardous enterprizes against the Infidels, he returned with honour and laurels to his estates at Grenoble. His mind being formed for great and good designs, and the war breaking out be-

tween the Emperor and the Porte, his pious zeal once more urged him to the field of glory. At the siege of Vienna, in the year 1683, where the Grand Vizier commanded in person, he acquired immortal honour under Count Staremberg; and after the siege was raised, when the Turkish army was totally defeated, he again returned to his family domain. In his retirement, he applied with diligence to his studies; but his mind insensibly stimulating him to fresh enterprizes, and from the oppression of religious melancholy, he embraced a command conferred on him in the Portuguese service, on an expedition against the Moors, and he proved his warlike skill and bravery at the taking of Tangiers.

On the conclusion of this war, he again returned to his devotions and his books; and the same religious melancholy taking possession of his mind, he was compelled to apply to a venerable Monk, his confessor, in a neighbouring convent. After confessing his sins, and presenting the convent with a liberal gratuity to say mass for

his soul after death, on taking his leave, the Monk addressed him in these words "Alas! Count! your prayers and mine will not avail for the salvation of your soul; your generation is visited by the hand of heaven for the foul trespass committed by your ancestor. The deed must be blotted out from heaven's registry, by extraordinary penance on your part. You must consecrate the remainder of your life to the austere rites of our holy religion, and leave your son to perform an extraordinary service to the House of Haumont, as a final atonement to save your issue from the wrath of heaven."

From this awful denunciation of his confessor, he undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, consigning his son to the care and religious instruction of the holy Monk; but he did not survive his return; the austerity of his penance, and the fatigue of his pilgrimage, very shortly put a period to his days.

The young Montmelian, when he grew to manhood, devoutly fulfilled

the instructions of the pious Monk, and attached himself to the fortunes of my honoured father, Charles Count of Haumont. To his personal valour my brave and much lamented sire owed his life, on two signalized occasions; the one at the battle of _____, and the other at the battle of _____, and at last gloriously fell, pierced with numerous wounds, defending my father from the sword of the enemy, under the great Condé, at the battle of _____.

Thus heaven protected the family of Haumont, and thus, when the sinner falls prostrate in the dust of his repentance, may the same equal hand of Divine Justice pardon transgression, and wipe away the foul deeds of iniquity from the remembrance of man!

Know this, I, John Count of Haumont, believe from my soul, that the crime committed by the House of Montmelian, against the House of Haumont, is finally obliterated, by the virtues of Rodolphe Count Montmelian; I have therefore taken his son to my arms, as the legacy of a dying

father, whom I am bound in divine and human justice to cherish as my child.

Should John, my surviving son, return to the Castle of Crève Cœur, Lord of his domains, in obedience to my dying request, the will of heaven will be justified, and the noble House of Haumont shielded by Divine Providence from future calamity; and may the Lord of heaven strengthen my son in his filial obedience, and have mercy on his soul!

CHAPTER II.

When once the lover overwhelms the soul,
Aloof the tyrant reigns---
All other virtues sink beneath the charm;
The altar's sacred incense smokes unseen,
And holy pastors spend their prayers in vain.

THE deeply rooted prejudice of the Count D'Haumont against an alliance with the House of Montmelian, determined him to countenance the addresses of St. Julien, in violation of the ties and admonitions of his father. The importunities of young Montmelian were repulsed, and his visits were gradually suspended. St. Julien was permitted to make overtures, and the Count and Countess prepared to hail the approaching nuptials of their daughter, with the pleasing approbation of parental choice, and the mutual affection of the young people.

The tender approaches of St. Julien were received by Julia, with a silent and mournful demeanour. The grace of native modesty, and the devout prin-

ciples imbibed by the austere order of the convent where she had been educated, might be considered as the cause of her melancholy ; but when St. Julien prest for the completion of his happiness, soliciting the compliance of her hand for the altar, reluctance, perturbation, and a mental agony were pourtrayed in her countenance. The marked conflict in her soul convinced him that a latent and deep mystery was the cause ; and the most pathetic remonstrances on his side only served to increase his perplexities. Tears often gushed from her eyes, convulsive sobs, and every symptom of uncommon grief, gave the most evident signs of an affection which he had no power to remove.

“Your parents, Julia,” he exclaimed, “wait the sentence from your lips, which confirms the happiness or misery of St. Julien. If my importunities cause these tears of sensibility and grief, I will rather be torn from your presence, than draw from your heart a sorrow which raises in my breast a pang of self reproach. Your tears are my accusation ; then suffer

me to hear from your lips the trespass I have committed, or grant me the means to extenuate an imputed error of which I may have been incautiously culpable---perhaps the tongue of defamation, Julia....”

After an interval of silence, she reached her hand to St. Julien, and pressing it, with a fervid accent invoked heaven to look down with an eye of compassion on her sufferings; saying her vows were solemnly ratified. She then conjured him to fly a woman, whose heart, wounded in his presence, only served to awaken in her bosom sentiments of despair.

This awful declaration, accompanied with a look of settled firmness, struck the youthful heart of St. Julien with horror. In vain he questioned Julia—the conflict in her breast gradually subsided, and her composed reason subdued the ardour and impetuosity of his remonstrance.

Lost in the fascination of a tender passion, a shock was given to his flourishing prospects.

Truth guided the tongue of Julia, and she had candidly divulged her affection: consolation and despair were thus mingled in his breast, and the lover was lost in the tumult of his sufferings.

At this moment, the Countess made her appearance, joy beamed in her face, and approaching her daughter in the flow of cheerfulness, springing from the assurance of the mutual happiness ready to smile on her family, she beheld the astonished looks of St. Julien, and the mournful tear scarce dried from the eyes of her child.— Julia did not wait the anxious question, but rose, and flung herself at her feet, delivering herself up to the wild disorder of her spirits, asking her forgiveness, and evincing the most pathetic emotions of distress.

The astonished mother pressed her daughter to her breast, soothed and tranquilised her anguish; then demanded an explanation of the tragic appearance of herself and St. Julien. "Mother," she now resolutely replied, "I am admonished by heaven

to refuse my hand to the man of my heart. I have received this morning a letter. The dreadful mystery is unfolded. I must obey the admonition. I know my heart can be guilty of no disobedience, unless a duty was imposed. If my conduct may not be imputed to undutifulness, you require no atonement. She then addressed herself to St. Julien, and pressed him to retire; she conjured him to regain the energy of his mind; she tenderly petitioned him to summons up patience for a conflict which she was as deeply plunged in as himself, and which his ardent imagination would still increase if he did not resolutely attempt a conquest over the perplexity which the present moment produced. St. Julien bowed in silence, and retired. Julia drew from her pocket the letter; it was from the Abbess Florentine of the convent where she had been educated. The Countess trembled as she opened it, and read to the following purport:

“ Ah, Mademoiselle D’Haumont, could I think the orisons of our order were ejaculated in vain! you left our

convent to encounter the perilous scenes of a world of sorrow. The tender heart of Florentine, vigilant for your eternal happiness, believed your vows unsolicited, could not be shaken by the short trial of your constancy; but alas! I find it has overwhelmed the devout sentiments of your heart, and my tears of anguish bedew the paper when I trace the dreadful admonition which heaven now dictates.

The pliability of your youth, has yielded to deception; and it will be too late to repent of your mistake, when the will of your parents, founded on injustice, has precipitated you to destruction.

I was acquainted with the history of your family; I had often painted to you, the filial obligation of the Count, your father. The uncertainty of a mutual affection, when the object was preconcerted, discouraged you from entering the nuptial state; and your vows of celibacy, were deposited in the breast of your faithful Florentine. Ah! young lady! reflect

when your foot is placed on the brink of a dreadful abyss. One more step, and you involve your beloved parents in the horrid gulph with yourself.

And shall the sedulous overtures of an amiable youth, shake the foundation of that piety, my pains, and your own conviction once affirmed!—Wretched delusion, which fascinates our sex! and short the rapture, short the brilliant embellishment, which the warm imagination of the female mind has decorated!

Remember, Julia, the claims of Count Montmelian—remember, when the hand of injustice falls, there is a God who will terribly demand a full measure of vengeance. See you not the wrong a guilty parent is offering to himself, by coveting the hand of St. Julien? Or let him fulfil the imposition laid on his daughter, or await the conspiring agency of heaven for his punishment.

I have heard from the lips of Count Montmelian, the fulness of his claims. The prejudice of your house should

not cancel those claims, if your own heart could cherish the principles on which they are founded: But I am informed it is otherwise bestowed; then remember the prophetic denunciation of your spiritual mother. Alas, Mademoiselle D'Haumont, if my zeal too rudely remonstrates, your transgression calls as loudly for a guardian angel! To shield and defend the innocent sacrifice, devoted to the altar of foul injustice, should find compassion when the hand is uplifted for the stroke.

What, if the blood of Montmelian still circulates in the progeny! Yet, lady, my duty enjoins me to recall to your mind the solemn vows you ejaculated, when I presented the dreadful lesson to treasure in your memory. The step you are now about to take, will draw the vengeance of heaven on your house. With you the accumulation of horror remains to be completed: To heaven, lady, direct your fervent appeal, and consult your heart, which is formed for the deposit of this solemn truth. Guided by the rectitude of innocence, it will restore you to holy

reason, and you will contemplate your alliance with St. Julien, in the faithful colouring which my ardent zeal for your eternal salvation, has thus portrayed.

La Florentine,
Superior of the Convent of
St. Esprit.

The contents of this letter freezed the soul of the Countess. The awful obligations of Haumont had never before been divulged. This discovery once cleared the mist before her eyes, and she plainly perceived the cause of the restless state of his mind. Floating reports of some extraordinary history, attached to the family of her husband, she had heard; and she had questioned him on his reluctance to visit his estates in Dauphiny. Excuse silenced her objections, and custom removed her curiosity.—His prejudice against the Montmelians was now manifested, and the coincidence of various occurrences, at once proved the sincerity of the address of the Abbess, and confirmed her in the just alarms for the happiness

of her daughter, herself, and the Count. Discreet, pious, and submissive, she treasured the secret in her breast; and her sedulous endeavours were now fixed on the necessary comfort to impart to her daughter.

The habitual gloom of Julia, when the fascination of pleasure, and gay company hovered round her, was now accounted for. She was prompted to condemn the impression made on her heart, by La Florentine; but a religious and conscientious zeal to encourage the Count to discharge his obligatory bond, averted the momentary accusation. Pity overwhelmed her soul; she now viewed her only child as an awful sacrifice to an imposed obedience.

On whatever side she contemplated the fate of Julia, her affections were alarmed. The sacrifice of her child harrowed up fresh agony to her mind. Conventual seclusion seemed to be the only barrier between the contending penalties. This was the only alternative to remove the imposition on the side of her husband; and the violence of bestowing her hand on a

man whom her feelings revolted at. The conflict subsisted between religious consecration, and victory over the tender and mutual passion of love.— Both herself and the Count were wrapt in the hopes of an union between their daughter and St. Julien. The awful summons of the deceased Count dashed these hopes with despair. She now beheld in her sight, a hapless novitiate to the religious and austere order of a convent; and this was an only much loved child. The Abbess had recalled the erring heart of Julia, to the solemn vow, which was exacted from the dreadful survey of the claims of Montmelian; and no less than taking the veil could make atonement for filial disobedience.

With similar sentiments the Countess was harrassed during a mournful silence, in the presence of her terrified daughter. The interesting moment demanded a sudden energy on her side. This was summoned to her, and she thus addressed the trembling penitent:

“ My child, the prosperous years I have experienced with your father;

this singular and unexpected visitation of Providence, has suddenly clouded. Yet know, as my happiness must in part be founded on yours, I leave it for you to determine. There is no restraint imposed, when your own heart is consulted. Your election is mine, and I know the ennobled spirit of your father, will harmonise with the resolutions you adopt. Be it only my tender care, to sympathise with your sufferings: Let us then change this scene, where the tempest seems rolling over us, and La Prarie shall shield us from the storm. I will persuade your father to suspend the engagement on our side with St. Julien, and time may perhaps at last spread serenity around us."

Julia embraced the proposal; they determined to conceal from the Count the motives for adopting the measure; and in proportion as the Countess dilated on their departure for Normandy, Julia recovered her tranquillity.

Contending passions usurped the once happy breast of D'Haumont; remorse of conscience stared full in the

face of his rooted prejudice against the Montmelian claim. He had also, for a length of time, cherished hopes of revisiting his long neglected domains in Dauphiny, but the violence of his measures had precluded him from these hopes. At one time he arraigned the biggotted religious principles of his father, which imposed the extraordinary restraint; a restraint which he thought himself justified in removing, by a law process against the trustees of his father's will. 'Tis true, there was no other imposition against his residence on his Seignorie, but the plea which Montmelian could enforce; in as much as he had never made overtures for an interview between the young people, or even adopted any plan to bring about a mutual sentiment of regard for each other; and the seclusion of Julia, to the extreme limit of her age, for an introduction into life, was a sufficient appeal of itself on the side of Montmelian: yet to forfeit his patrimonial residence, or his personal interference on his revenues, awakened in him compunction and disdain.

While a siege was thus laid against his infracted duty, an event transpired

to alarm his principles, and to increase his prejudice against the claims of Montmelian.

The old Steward of his estates wrote him the following letter :

“ May it please you, Most Noble and Illustrious Count—I have been these forty years the Grand Bailiff of your estates; and my age has been lengthened by the hopes of beholding the lawful heir of my late honoured Lord, joyfully in possession of his domain.—Alas! Most Noble Count, I write at at this moment in despair. I am persecuted by the unjust accusations of Count Montmelian; I am deemed the instigator of sundry tumults among the peasantry; but I know my duty too well to arraign, unless I had the power given me to make known my innocence. I can only say, Most Noble Count, that your allegied and in duty bounden tenants, loudly complain of extortion. Your farms are neglected; the labourers are obliged to leave their homes; distress and much misery have fallen on many.—To you, Most Noble Count, I appeal,

before my misfortunes are closed, by a
broken heart.

So may it please you, Most Noble
and Illustrious Count,

Your faithful and true servant,

And High Bailiff,

GODFRED GOISMORMANT."

CHAPTER III.

Th' intrepid pilot carols at the helm;
The gallant ship in beautiful array
Glides safely o'er the smooth and vasty deep;
But when the storm-----

THE perceptive eye of the lover intuitively glances on the enemy, by which the tender passion is alarmed: his ardent imagination, prone to embody the evil, fiercely dashes on the object which at first was faintly perceived; awakened suspicion, like the fiery eye of the Lynx, rapidly pervades, and as rapidly distinguishes the prey it has to encounter. The shock given to the passion of St. Julien was to be accounted for. A rival rushed into his mind, and this rival, the curious ingenuity of native passion, pronounced Montmelian.

The father and son were recently arrived in Paris, among the circles. The father, brilliant, haughty, and extravagant, was already initiated into a set of

the fashionable quality, whose life but too often is considered vapid, unless some asperity is invented to quicken it with the renovated zest of hope and fear; hours, consecrated to the risk of their fortunes and fame, are set apart for this pursuit.

Montmelian had signalized himself at these meetings, in company with two Italian friends, the Signior Spangnoletti, and a Chanoine of the name of Repostiglio. To the former he owed considerable sums of money, which he was unable to repay, and which the other had advanced to supply the extravagance of the father and son, when they resided at Rome. Spangnoletti, who had accompanied the Count to France, with his friend, the Chanoine, for the purpose of being reimbursed, did not scruple to inculcate a report of the claims of Montmelian, respecting a marriage between his son and the daughter of the Count D'Haumont. It was on the hopes of this splendid alliance Spangnoletti had been tempted to advance the Count, at repeated times, large sums of money, and which had much impaired his own

income: He was, therefore, a little scrupulous in divulging the views of Montmelian; thinking that by so doing, he would cause the intended alliance to be rumoured; and being made the general talk of the circles, he could more readily obtain the nature of the fact: in this he was speedily instructed, for he was soon acquainted with the pretensions and visits of St. Julien, which determined him to press Montmelian to put his claims to issue, as also to enter on some plan to refund the large sums he had borrowed from him in person, and which he had otherwise obtained on his own credit, when the Count resided at Rome. Thus prest by Spangnoletti, Montmelian encouraged his son once more to visit Julia.

On the morning of the interview with Julia, St. Julien heard the name of Montmelian announced, and visible emotions, he now recollected, were portrayed on her countenance. This was sufficient to connect the chain of his suspicions, and young Montmelian instantly rushed into his mind as the rival who had blasted the expanded blossom of his hopes.

Fleet are the wings of love to pursue the fugitive object! St. Julien, impatient to have his doubts removed, or his hopes restored, was too fatally assured, that these claims of Montmelian were the true and only cause of the solemn protestations of Julia against his union.

On the receipt of the letter from his old steward, Goismormant, the Count was resolved to bring the negotiation of marriage between St. Julien and Julia, to a speedy issue: braving all risk and the remorse of his conscience, he was determined to encourage his pretensions to his daughter; to accelerate their union, recover possession of his Seignior, and defy the imposed restraint of his father. But how great his astonishment; when entering the room of St. Julien, and extending his hand with parental welcome, he beheld distrust, wildness, and an earnest anxiety depicted in his haggard countenance.

Though late in the day, St. Julien was in his bed-gown; a letter was half-penned on the table before him; his servant had denied him to the Count,

who taking no denial, rushed to his apartment; when St. Julien, rivetting his eyes full on his face, asked him if he was come to confirm the measure of his affliction.

In a maze of reflection, the Count impetuously questioned St. Julien on his last conference with his daughter.

When he heard his relation, increased surprize perplexed his mind; he was impatient to break from his presence, to question Julia on the repulse St. Julien had received. But emotions of a compunctious nature now assailed him. His experience had assured him the young people were pleased in the presence of each other; but till the arrival of Montmelian, no expedient had taken place to accelerate their union; the occurrence seemed therefore connected with this arrival, and it was on this his troubled mind pondered. He thought it impossible that Julia could be acquainted with the claims of Montmelian, and as the native pride of his heart had kept those claims a profound secret from the Countess, his doubtful anxieties in-

creased his impatience; he briskly rose for his departure, and placing his hand on his heart, declared on his honour, that he had imposed no restraint on the heart of his child.

“Stop, Count,” cried St. Julien, still revetting his eyes upon him, “there is a restraint”. “Did she name that restraint?” the Count incautiously rejoined. “Heaven and earth!” replied St. Julien, “then I am rightly informed. Ah, Count! you have some secret to divulge which will alarm the honour of yourself, the peace and the honour too, of St. Julien.”

Count D'Haumont. “By whom did you learn the secret? I have betrayed myself---or that villain---you could not have heard it from Julia.”---

St. Julien now explained himself---the Count regained his chair, sat musing, with his hands to his head. The former [was obliged to suppress his own sufferings, when he assumed the inspired energy of the moment.

St. Julien. “ Rise, Count. You find me in possession of your secret. Learn from me the principles of honour and manhood. I renounce the hand of your daughter. Your conflict can be subdued by performing the obligations of your promise. Mine, Count, never. Though honour may chastise the infirmity of youthful passion, nature will assume its empire, while the blood of St. Julien circulates in his veins. Nobly nurtured in principle, I fly the scene which shakes my frame, as terribly as yourself. The vows of your daughter will never be shaken ; she has confessed her soul to St. Julien---our hearts are united---but we shall never meet at the altar. The letter before me will declare my resolutions ; but remember your doors were flung open when my childish intercourse in your family might have been superseded by the frankness of your engagements. This was not well done ; my passion for your daughter could not escape the sagacious eye of the parent ; wherefore flatter my attentions when she was devoted to another man ? ”

Count D'Haumont. "Eternal God! Your words have pierced my heart. My father appears before me. I am humbled and chastized."

St. Julien. "Perform your obligations, Count."

Count D'Haumont. "Montmelian!"

St. Julien. "Brave the conditions, and"---

Count D'Haumont. "Devote my child!"

[*This and the succeeding dialogues in the memoirs, are embodied from the sense of the manuscript.*]

The Count retired from St. Julien, abashed and confounded. A youth whom he had surveyed as his son, denounced him as a transgressor, though not possest of his real motives, or of the nature of his filial obligation. His deep concealed mystery dragged forth; his daughter confirming his sentence. Their own misery affirmed

by a mutual sacrifice, which turned on his filial disobedience. This appeared as a miracle in his eyes, and he concluded that no less an interposition than that of Providence, could stand between his duty and his deep rooted prejudices. With these sentiments, he hastened to his house, to confer with the Countess and Julia.

Stay 'ere too late, thy fatal power withhold ;
What heaven ordains, just heaven will soon unfold,

The Count received the letter from Goismormant, on the day he waited on St. Julien ; and during the several days which elapsed from his conference with Julia, he had marked a visible alteration in the manner of his daughter and the Countess. The former had declined in health, to which he attributed the thoughtful dejection which seemed to have withdrawn his lady from her usual cheerfulness. He now concluded that the cause of this apparent change must spring from an affliction which preyed on both their hearts, and he returned to his house, to have his doubts cleared,

and his misery confirmed on the event which he but too readily divined.

The Countess and Julia were alone. She was soothing the sorrows of her mother, remonstrating on her duty to embrace the alarming alternative, which at once could atone for the violation of her father's obligations, and prove the means of her consolation for the great sacrifice she found herself enjoined to offer up.

To consecrate the remainder of her days to the austere duties of a convent, was a resolution which the Countess had in vain attempted to dissuade her from. Julia, inspired by religious devotion, found her mind invigorated as often as she contemplated the just remonstrance of the Abbess on one side, and the interdiction of St. Julien on the other. Her reasons perplexed the Countess, and her constancy had overpowered her intreaties.

It was thus the Count found them. His hasty steps, his anxious counte-

nance, prepared them for an overture, which they anticipated.

"In tears, Countess," were his words, as he tumultuously approached them. "Ah! Julia, child of my hopes; the tenderest pledge of my unimpaired union! Julia, what means this sorrow? Let truth still guide you to my heart; reveal to an unhappy father the cause of your sufferings: Tell me what has been divulged to you?—by whom—from whence—wherefore—

Julia, trembling, flung herself in the arms of her father: She told him the secret of this Montmelian claim was divulged, and there was no measure left to obtain a respite for their alarms, but their immediate departure for La Prarie.

"Wretched D'Haumont," he exclaimed, "you have then learnt the secret? My proud heart could not endure that confidence. I should have imparted to thy faithful breast. I have this moment left St. Julien. Lost, unhappy child!—But no, my faithful

Constantia, Montmelian shall never, never take her hand." Here he was falling on his knees, to invoke heaven to hear his solemn denunciation, when Julia fell senseless to the ground.

Pity now rose and supprest the sudden emotions of the Count. Love, duty, and the awful interdictions of religious zeal, were variously rending the youthful breast of Julia. "Let me know your wishes, my lovely child," tenderly said the Count--- "Your sorrows are mine---repose your confidence in me---I will sooth them,---your parents will not sacrifice their only child to misery, when her wishes must be made their own".

Tears at this moment streamed from her eyes ; the soothing affection of the Count and Countess, variously agitated by different emotions, dispelled her sudden languor ; but her soul now deprived of utterance, could only repay their solicitude, by looks of gratitude, and ceaseless sighs from her swelling heart.

The Count, with endearing encouragement, questioned her on her last interview with St. Julien---on the cause of his repulse---the means by which she obtained the secret of the Montmelian claim. When she came to the scene of her convent---the injunctions of the Abbess Florentine---the vows of her celibacy, terror and dismay, for a moment, made him pause; then giving loose to a distempered flow of passion, he seemed to recall his former tenderness, and denounced a curse on her resolutions, if she dared to infract the duty which she owed a father. Condemned by the same infracted duty, his mind now became differently agitated, and his sternness once more forsook him.

Julia had dared to reveal the truth; her disburthened heart having no more to conceal, increase of energy braced her mind, and she thus addrest the Count: "Sir, I see the hand of Providence stretched for the delivery of our house. Obedience only can secure that protection. My vows of ending my days in the Convent of St. Esprit, were exacted, before pa-

rental authority was consulted. These you have a right to recall, if your own happiness must be founded on my obedience; but remember, Sir, these vows will prove the only means to release you from your obligations. If I refuse the hand of young Montmelian, Julia will at once atone for your reluctance to the union, and fulfil a duty of a higher merit. Lead her to the trial, acquit yourself of your solemn obligation; let the house of Montmelian see you are prepared to perform its claims.

CHAPTER IV.

The black cloud rolls with fire ethereal charg'd,
Cumbrous and slow ; while expectation dread
Fears the tremendous shock-----
Yet on it rolls ; succeeding clouds arise
'Till circling darkness veils the azure skies.

EVERY latent passion of the soul mutinied in the breast of Haumont. Tenderness, a fine sense of feeling, opposed the strong assails of his prejudices. In this inauspicious moment he beheld his happiness on the slenderest pinnacle. The parent now felt the acute pang of being severed from an only child ; that child daily fading by the cankering worm of sorrow ; one moment his principles of filial regard dispelled by the most contumacious reflections, upbraiding the prophetic bigotry of his father as wresting a beloved daughter from his arms ; usurping the privilege of natural authority : another moment contemplating her fate, allied to the house of Montmelian, and compulsory means left as the only extremity to bring this about. Here his

indignation defeated the policy of a measure, before which the greater part of his earthly splendor and comforts rapidly vanished ; but to confirm his misery, the dreadful compromise which dragged his daughter from the world, and which immured her for ever in the gloomy walls of a monastery, rent his heart with the deepest anguish.

His estates, the extinguishment of his house, all centered in the accumulating riches of a convert, which the matured piety of his child would perhaps be prevailed on to bestow on it. His growing hopes of an alliance with the family of St. Julien blasted in a moment ; hopes which the natural pretensions of the family had long cherished : their mansions seated close to each other, had oftentimes impressed reciprocal hospitalities for a series of years, and the young people had been from their infancy familiarized together. On the fine lawns of La Prairie, their little sports of childhood were not forgotten by the young people ; and every coincidence of earthly harmony induced an union, which the most exquisite vision of supreme felicity could not exceed.

During this contention which harassed the Count, his slender hopes were at once destroyed by the following letter from the father of St. Julien.

“ I have, for these several days, my dear Count, been alarmed at the change which I have observed in my son ; his accustomed good spirits have forsaken him ; much incoherence and perplexity appeared in his behaviour ; which readily imputing to his late zealous attention in your family, I found no difficulty in obtaining the cause.

Indeed, my much esteemed friend, this singular occurrence has given me indescribable pain, not so much from the long cherished alliance being entirely severed, but from your concealment of a mystery which your old friend St. Julien, by the long trial of his benevolent regard, should have exacted from your heart. Alas, Count ! I do not so feelingly repine at our own concern, as at the cruel misfortune, which your want of candour has heaped on the destiny of our innocent children. Accursed fascination ! which impelled

you to flatter them with a mutual passion, which your honour could not sanction, and which mine also would never listen to.

“ There are parents who treat the graceful and elegant sentiment of native affection with too much incautious levity ; age renders those feelings dull which once embellished their own supreme happiness ; when the pleasing delirium has vanished from their minds, they disregard, the infirmity of youth. I shall here confess, that if my son had selected the object of his heart, though the prudent choice of the parent might lament, a devotional respect for the tender passion would have readily pleaded his excuse ; but between our families, dear Haumont, what corresponding harmony for an alliance ! what an equal pretence ! how the prospect gradually was spreading its lustre on our happiness ! now overshadowed with clouds, I must avert the storm.

“ My son is determined to leave Paris---to leave France---he has long been solicited to accept a post of com-

mand against the enemy. If this cruel imbecility had not so ingloriously withheld his claims, the plume of glory, in the service of his country, would long ago have adorned the courage of a soldier.

“ But he is too well nurtured, D’Haumont, to disregard the honours of an elder son—the honour of his family, the honour due to his sovereign ; he will speedily embark, and with a lofty spirit may he add fresh laurels to the ancient nobility of our land, repel the exquisite pain in parting with his beloved Julia, and return with a renovation of manhood to the arms of an injured father ! ”

The delicate remonstrance in the letter of St. Julien conveyed a more bitter reproach to the Count than an outrage more signalized. The insincerity of his conduct was but too faithfully placed before his eyes, and he now considered himself as the hapless author of the misery of both families. Some measure, however, was to be adopted in affairs of his much loved child, and it was here his heart expe-

rienced its greatest shock : all hopes of a resumption with the family of St. Julien were for ever closed ; his ancient friendship, perhaps, severed with the father ; on this he could not contemplate ; not a remote view of success opened itself, and he only formed a speedy suspension of anxiety by the immediate departure of the Countess and Julia for La Prairie, where time and change of scene might conduce to more fortunate events.

With these sentiments he sought the presence of his wife and daughter. Julia, by the same message, had received a letter from St. Julien ; she had opened it in the presence of her mother ; it had produced no visible effect upon her ; no tear was seen to fall ; a calm melancholy was in her countenance ; and when the Count approached them she put it into his hands.

St. Julien to Julia.

“ I would have been the messenger myself, if the heart of St. Julien

could have borne the deep affliction of a long and last farewell ; no, Julia, this addition of misery Heaven has given me reflection and resolution to surmount : yet a few words, then may the curtain fall ; and the tragedy—ah, may it finish here !

“ I would have begun my confused letter thus :—Unhappy lovers ! yes, Julia, I rated my passion by that sympathy which waited no confession from your lips, but you did confess—ah ! lost St. Julien ! when the divine rapture was to expire before the altar of Hymen, the chaplet prepared, St. Julien heard the tender confession—Wherefore this confession ! this unfeigned sincerity ! it has increased the measure of my weakness, and I have no force left to restrain the excess of my sufferings.

I should not thus rend your breast by unavailing complaint ; but know, if my hypocrisy concealed this weakness, I should be unworthy the passion which I innocently cherished. Enough—I must invoke my fortitude for one parting word, which has torn

me from your presence—from renewed solicitation—from Julia---from the only happiness which could adorn the life of St. Julien---Adieu.”

“P. S. My last request---To press your pictured resemblance to my heart---concealed from all eyes but those who were once permitted to gaze upon it---Fool that I am---does my resolution forsake me here too? I cannot return it, Julia. Adieu. Yet another word, and then I part for ever. The secret is divulged---Is it base, Julia, to mention it? Be for ever happy in your obedience, and St. Julien will offer up the purest vows. I know your hand was promised by your father--may Heaven unite it! My pen has refused the record of his name. Adieu.”

This faithful counterpart to the address of the father, proclaimed the author of these troubles. The Count, hurried by self-crimination, could find no repose but in the thoughts of completing an alliance so dear to his wishes. He again remonstrated with Julia, urged the solicitation of St. Julien, bade her conform

to the admonitions of her heart; and commanded her to answer St. Julien with a renewal of their tender intercourse. Fresh reflections again dispelled this remonstrance.

“No,” he exclaimed, “the pride of the father has taken alarm. Lost, unhappy D’Haumont! Heaven alone has chastized him. I see his transgression in misfortune---misery has opened his eyes---Julia, my daughter, the devoted victim to prejudice—and you, Countess, counsel me, teach me the measures I must adopt---let come what will, Haumont will submit. I have said the word.”

The Countess now cast an anxious look upon her daughter: Julia was requested to speak.

Julia. “Sir, my obedience is founded on your own submission, if you comply with the claims of Count Montmelian.”

“What then?” impetuously answered the Count, “will you lead him to the altar?” “I will obey,” was her reply.

Count D'Haumont. "A willing sacrifice to your love for St. Julien---adorable child! this nobleness of your soul reflects increased lustre on your name---Wretched fate! am I then refused the hopeful issue which my fond imagination once painted! You will not give your hand to this hated family?"

Julia. "I have learned obedience, sir. Heaven will give me fortitude to submit. If we fulfil the duty of conscience, the unexpected hand of Providence may raise us from despair. The tender solicitude you have shewn to strengthen my mind with precept has taught me submission. What your own heart admonishes, I am prepared to undertake."

The Count, embracing his daughter, bade her await his determination. He talked of the agitation of his mind---that his oppression arose from his own disobedience; he conjured the Countess to console the misery of his lost and only child.

In vain he pondered on various schemes, to frustrate the imposed in-

junctions of his father ; but whenever one plan arose in his mind, he found it instantly effaced and rendered inefficacious by pangs of violated conscience.

There was only one scheme which promised consolation, which was, to find the confessor of his late father, Rolando, the hermit of the valley ; his cell was seated at a small distance from his Castle of Crève-Cœur. Initiated in all the particulars of the history of his family, he conceived the pious old man might administer some quiet and energy to his troubled spirit. He was resolved to visit him with privacy, which scheme would also be productive of some fruitful advantage, by attaining to the knowledge of those discontents of his tenants and retainers, which urged his high bailiff to the complaints in his letter.

When the mind is involved in the accumulated events of life, we are often tempted to place confidence in adventitious occurrences, from which our hopes of unforeseen expedients oftentimes arise, to sooth and meliorate our conditions. Imperceptibly impelled by this motive,

the Count undertook his journey with no attendant; and by curiosity he prepared to revisit his interdicted inheritance, which he but faintly traced in remembrance from his earliest youth, and which the volatile and perhaps intemperate pursuits of his past life had been the cause.

The day was appointed for the Countess and Julia to leave Paris. The Count concealed his motives from his wife and daughter, who were to remain at La Prarie until his return. The scheme promised consolation, and on which side soever his resolutions might be fixed, he thought the extenuation of his conduct might receive a spiritual comfort, which the present big and important period of his life had placed at an immeasurable distance.

The father of St. Julien felt the honour of his house tarnished by the insincerity of his once inseparable friend. The nobleness of his blood became indignantly chafed, and with this spirit he thus conferred with his son: "We have been amused by a weak and imprudent father. The

little coquette has given herself intolerable airs: let us disdain all future intercourse in the families. I have no doubt but Julia had previously engaged her hand to the son of Montmelian; if she had been my daughter, I should have only waited for the arrival of the priest, and not for a return of her good humour."

These reflections, imprudently conveyed with the asperity of resentment, chafed the jealous heart of his son, whose mind, rushing on his rival, awakened him from his trance of melancholy. The languor of love was now roused to active revenge, and he was tempted to turn his fancied injustice on the hapless Julia. To put his projects in execution, he had written to his friend De Mortville, who resided with his aunt, Madame Colombe, at a Chateau, in the neighbourhood of La Prarie, and who was an intimate acquaintance of the Countess. From him he was resolved to learn the motives which led the family of Haumont into Normandy.

Previously to this measure the unfortunate Julia had penned a letter to St.

Julien, her last farewell, in answer to the one he wrote before her departure.

Julia to St. Julien.

“ Julia invokes Heaven to encourage St. Julien to that fortitude on which the poor remains of her worldly happiness is placed. May his impassioned transports be mingled with one reasonable reflection, then will he believe she is governed by enforced duties which no earthly power can remove. Adieu.”

The contents of this note he transcribed to De Mortville, who answered him in the following manner :—

De Mortville to St. Julien.

“ Were I like you, St. Julien, to offer incense to the idol my frantic passion had set up for adoration, I should soon be seen floating down the Seine, breeding baits for fishermen to supply the table of my dainty mistress with gudgeons and such sort of fry. I am surprised at your folly ; with remedy in your hand, you fly to De Mortville for his prescription.

"To-morrow we pay our visit, and doubt not my skill at reconnoitre. Be persuaded your Julia only affects the *ton severe*. Colombiere will enliven these funereal airs which she has learnt in her convent, and in my next you shall receive a spiritual comfort to atone for the transgression I zealously recommend. There is always to be found in gallantry an excuse for breaking the commandment of your mistress. Repair to La Prairie, and show a resolution worthy the Corps du Garde of our Sovereign.

"The Count will not be of the party—he is on some distant expedition—the line of circumvallation is not complete, this opening will lead you to the out-works, and then for your *coup de main*, or the lovers *coup de grace*."

St. Julien to Monsieur De Mortville.

"I am at this moment preparing to set off--my distempered soul has whispered some necessary arrangements, and they will be completed this evening; then at the dead of night, which

comports with the romantic gloom of my mind, I shall post for Normandy.

“Now, my friend, after some conflict with the native pride of my heart, I will tell you the secret which I kept concealed in my last. Jealousy has expanded his ebony wings, and having marked me for his prey, the fiend gives me no respite. Is it possible to believe the secret I am going to divulge? Julia, the seraph, whose form of perfect innocence, truth, and all loveliness which inspired me with this divine impulse—She! ah! where, where is description found to paint this semblance of a perfect woman! She has verified all our antiquated aphorisms on the deceptious skill of female frailty. I have now placed all my suspicions beyond the least possibility of doubt. Julia, Julia is deceptious, and my thirsty spirit must be allayed by revenge.

“My servant informed me this morning that, having exchanged some words with Gripenau, valet of the Count, whom he left behind to execute some orders, his master was in haste de-

parted for his Castle in Dauphiny, to prepare for the approaching nuptials of his daughter with the son of Count Montmelian ; that both father and son were expected at La Prarie to prelude this ceremony. The fellow talked in raptures of revisiting his native country, and with ambiguous words, as being deep in the history and operations of a master whom he has served all his life, gave Frederic to understand that there was a deep scheme at the bottom of all these infamous proceedings. That the gallant and much esteemed D'Haumont should be thus detected as a ——! to fling his doors open to the wretched St. Julien, and thus to heap on his head the consummation of all wretchedness! Wherefore this spirit of resentment harrowed up in my bosom ? Is it a demon who has taken possession of the generous sentiments of my youth ? or is it the just retaliation which Providence has inspired me with to punish a dishonourable monster ? Guide me, govern this distempered tumult ; I conjure you by the early friendship we have imbibed, restrain my rashness but preserve my honour.

At least, I owe my feelings this duty---to adopt your counsel less blinded by an ungovernable passion, I have right to enforce a duty as natural, and perhaps full as binding as this seeming angel of bliss owes a dishonourable parent: she has inspired me with a passion as dear to me as existence, and she has confirmed its duration by her confession of mutual love. If she then talks of duty, let her perform that duty she owes her lover. I have no right to listen to the counsel of my honour; I was friendly received by D'Haumont---he knew of my attachment to his daughter---he stamped it with his sanction; if the parent has broken all the bond of honour with a man who has thus been made the sport of his capricious engagements---be his motives what they will, I am not self accused if I attempt to persuade his daughter to infract her filial obligation.

Julia shall hear my complaint, the heavy argument my soul must plead. If she softens, she may fly to my arms; if she refuses, her infidelity is avowed: her plea of duty to her father will be

offered as an excuse for the fickleness of her mind, and Montmelian is preferred ; this my alarmed thoughts assure me must be the fact. This develops the cause of her dejection--her tears---her mournful reflections.

If she refuses, my heated imagination teems with projects unworthy of the pure inspired sentiment---my brain is wild with rushing fancies---sobriety dwells not there---yet De Mortville ! St. Julien must perish in both extremes---which then do you counsel me to choose ?

Thus prepared by the history of my own sufferings and my wrongs, you will concert the best schemes for my happiness, and I now am preparing to follow this express, which my faithful Frederic is waiting equipped to put into your hands.

CHAPTER V.

Oppos'd by nature, reason flies the breast,
When love is cherish'd as its favourite guest:
Recall'd by truth, the vanquish'd God now flies;
Unmask'd, in smiles takes wing, and still defies.

ON the arrival of the Countess at La Prarie, the continual and deeply impressed gloom on the mind of Julia seemed to be dispelled. No longer assailed by the unfruitful object of her affections on one side, or the apprehension of an immediate compulsion on the other, her sorrows found an interval of respite. The Countess proposed every endearing plan, which maternal fondness could suggest, to calm her tender solitudes. The spring was advancing with its usual cheerfulness to enliven their delightful chateau. The lawn had received its verdure; the woodbine was opening its bloom; the birds hailing the fine season of the year with their melody; Julia had already given her orders for the arrangement of her

conservatory ; her eye was charmed in beholding some of her chosen plants unfolding themselves to the vernal sun.

Botany was one of her principal delights ; in this pursuit she had past many pleasing hours with a heart free from sorrow. She had visited her aviary, where a varied collection of little birds seemed to welcome the return of their mistress, whose tender care had reconciled them to an imprisonment.

On the second day of their arrival they thus amused themselves in their garden scenery ; the decayed foliage was swept from the walks ; the temples, arbours, and recesses adorned ; and every preparation attended to, which could welcome the luxuriant spring, or add fresh beauty to their rural retreat.

The villagers had assembled before their benefactress, whose benevolence had so often cheered them to their duties ; and encouraged them to struggle with their indigent stations.

Every cottage had experienced in her a patron and a friend ; nor was the Countess unsupported in her amiable discriminations of performing well placed munificence ; this was also the claim on which the Count founded his pretence to the love and attachment of his neighbourhood. The rich, as well as the poor, had witnessed the amiable manners and hospitality of the family of Haumont.

Soon after their arrival, cards of ceremony were received from their provincial friends, and Madame Colombiera and her nephew were of the number who had taken the earliest opportunity of congratulations. The visit of this family was particularly acceptable to the Countess, who had found in the society of this lady many agreeable traits to amuse her in the retired scenes of La Prarie.

She was the sister of a general officer, who had fallen in the service of his country, and was retired on a small pension ; the nephew had a commission in the army, and was on an occasional visit with his aunt, who

had brought him up as an orphan. Madame Colombiere had, in her youth, been initiated in the gayest circles of life ; her knowledge of the world, with her uniform decorum and discretion, had acquired the confidence of the Countess, and it was in her breast she was tempted to repose the secret history of the fate of Julia, and her own misfortune. De Mortville, through the address of this lady, was placed under the auspices of St. Julien, and the Haumont family, who had prepared his road for advancement ; a libertine in principle, though brave and manlike in his deportment ; and knowing he had the only chance of rising in life through merit and discernment, was vigilant to take advantage of every opening to insure his success, and which the aunt was as strenuous to encourage.

With the society of this lady the Countess entertained hopes of operating a change on the religious principles of her daughter ; and her scheme was, by reposing confidence in the sagacious La Colombiere, to introduce a doctrine which might gradually

awaken her heart to the pleasing enchantments of life.

The aunt was in private conference with the Countess, while De Mortville was employed in the unmeaning gallantries of his sex ; singing an ariette, and encouraging Julia to accompany him on her harp ; discussing anecdotes of their acquaintance, intermingled with Parisian pleasantries, to engage her attention, and to stimulate her cheerfulness ; marking with intuitive skill the effects of his address on her mind, and watching every lineament of the face, which could open an avenue to her heart.

What native truth had depicted in her countenance his vanity had construed as a personal compliment ; the thoughts of experiencing repose in the enchanted scene of La Prairie, in the solace of those friends her tender years had experienced, restored her fainting spirits, and De Mortville fancied he observed in Julia a character very different to what his friend had suggested. His skill was now pointed to probe the cause of this change.

His fancied knowledge of the female heart led him to conclude that Julia had no firm affection for St. Julien ; that the transports of real love would supersede all moral obligations. His own interest was now consulted as the incentive to his attentions ; and from the commission he received from the inauspicious St. Julien, he was at last tempted to aspire beyond the cold, though sacred injunction which his heart admonished.

A prize like Julia might plead his atonement. What his doubts might remove, his vanity was ready to affirm. De Mortville was nearly of the same age with St. Julien, his person more robust, a countenance more florid, features more commanding, of a vivacity more flexible, which could assume the corresponding humour it inspired, or rapidly avert the impression which seemed repugnant to his wishes.

The attentions of the nephew to Julia were noted by the aunt, who having been introduced into the history of her arrival at La Prarie, by the Countess, confronted her information with the

views she now entertained in favour of her nephew. The story of the convent made but little impression on the mind of a woman, who, viewing her sex through her own optics, could not behold in Julia the devotee her mother had painted ; and like her nephew, she had either concluded St. Julien was not the man of her choice, or that he had proved himself unskilful and untutored in the profound mysteries of the female heart. The inspiration of love, she was taught to believe, would have the same power, as wealth to brave the most powerful restraints, to corrupt the most faithful guards of the conscience.

Pierce walls of adamant, defy restraint,
And with Protean spell transform the saint.

Although the Countess had instructed Madame Colombiere in the views of Julia, respecting her convent obligations, she had not divulged the Montmelian claim. This was only to engage her friend to invent some scheme to dissipate those obligations which had been instilled by the intriguing arts of the Abbess La Florentine into the mind of Julia ; the remedy which

Madame La Colombiere had proposed at once to sound the sentiment of the Countess, and to confirm her own suspicions, was to invite St. Julien to resume his addresses in person, where retirement, where time, and place, might co-operate for the speedy conversion of the young devotee.

As the Countess put a negative on this proposition, alleging the interdiction of St. Julien by Julia, and as she was desirous to afford her daughter a respite from a pursuit which created this religious compunction, Madame Colombiere was no longer doubtful of her first suspicions, and she readily pronounced St. Julien as a man whom the heart of Julia refused ; whose parental duty had obliged her to listen to ; and whose religious scruples were only declared as policy to escape from his pretensions : she therefore proposed the gaiety of cheerful company, and cards were sent to their acquaintance in the neighbourhood, whose presence were to enliven the chateau.

This determined Madam Colombiere on the plot which the sequel will dis-

cover. More pleased with solitude than in the gay circle of her youthful friends, who shared a greater portion of happiness than herself, Julia found the society of La Prarie pall on her mind, and she gradually relapsed into her former melancholy.

One evening she had walked into the pleasure grounds with Fanchon by her side, a faithful little dog, which had been her companion in the convent.

She had visited her aviary, heard the inspiring notes of her birds, and examined her shrubs and flowers: the scenery around her brought many pleasing departed moments to her mind; but the contemplation of her present state chilled her with frightful fancies, and all the objects which could engage her attention were faded before her.

Absorbed in contemplation, she rested herself on a bench, and calling her little dog to her side, she took him on her lap; stroking his long white silken hair, she strived to dispel her grief, by an air composed in the con-

vent, by a young lady, a nun, who had left poor Fanchon as a legacy at her death.

Fanchon—Fanchon—companion, friend !
Thou canst not feel these pangs of care,
Thy unconcern, O ! couldst thou lend,
Sweet peace would chase away despair.

Ye pines and shrubs the storm may bow ;
Yet zephyrs mild oft fan the leaf ;
But on my cheerless wakeful brow
For ever dwells the storm of grief.

Ye birds, that from the grove are driven,
By winter frost, to southern gales,
The genial spring and fostering heaven,
Still o'er your destiny prevails.

But me, alas ! the rolling years
Bring no kind change to sooth my soul,
My springing hopes are chill'd by fears,
And misery reigns without control.

On singing the stanzas of her lamented young friend, she beheld a man walking towards her at some distance ; she was rising to return in haste to the house ; on his approach, she immediately recognized St. Julien, and in a few moments she saw him kneeling at her feet.

He had arrived at the house of Madame Colombiere over night ; De

Mortville was dispatched to reconnoitre at the chateau, where he had passed the greater part of the day ; St. Julien was on the watch in one of the temples in the garden, when De Mortville, who had prepared the ambuscade, to give notice, when Julia made her appearance at her conservatory and aviary ; her frequent visits gave him the immediate notice of her disappearance from the house.

They had spent the greater part of the night in deep libations over the bottle. St. Julien, yielding to the intemperate raileries of De Mortville, on the chastity which had hitherto governed his approaches to Julia, the sanguinary temper of the latter had over-ruled his objections, and the dishonourable plan of taking her by surprise, of giving this unexpected shock to her feelings, was thought the only means of obtaining a defenceless victory over her ; which eventually might terminate in relieving his intemperate passion, and in securing her hand and her heart in defiance of parental authority.

De Mortville, to complete this artful scheme of villany, was prepared with another stratagem ; he was to be concealed near the spot ; to fly to the assistance of Julia ; and conceiving this unceremonious encounter might be repelled by the repugnance of Julia, he thought he had devised the means to validate his own claims on the friendship of the Countess and her daughter, and thus for ever exclude St Julien from his pretensions.

The surprise turned out as St Julien at first expected : Julia, overcome by his extraordinary appearance, and her constitution enfeebled by long continued anxiety, was totally deprived of utterance. The little colour on her cheeks had fled to her heart ; her lips were glazed ; a faintness was closing her eyes ; remorse now struck his conscience ; contrition and personal invective he now mingled in his address, and he gradually beheld his adored Julia revive in his arms.

Like the pictured shade of a dream, the eyes of Julia were opened upon him, to see him torn instantaneously

from her ; her ears had scarcely heard the tale of impassioned love—the lover's transports and despair, when the Countess made her appearance—She drew back with an astonished countenance. St. Julien then rose, and exclaimed, “ By the long friendship of our families, my ardent love for your daughter, I conjure you to pardon the guilty wretch who stands before you. This sudden shock I have given to yourself and daughter shall be fully extenuated by my own condemnation. It was the last effort of an ineffectual passion, on which my existence depended : excluded from your house, I sought my only consolation in this step.”

Inarticulate and confused, she now intreated him to be patient under his misfortune, to retire unobserved ; her urgent impressive looks ; the terror of Julia, the accusation of his own heart, drew from him his promise to fly from La Prarie ; then snatching the hand of Julia, he pressed it tenderly to his lips, asked her forgiveness for his rude and thoughtless conduct, invoked heaven to have compassion on

his sufferings ; then assuring the Countess of his obedience, he covered his eyes with his hands, and turned his back to take his leave. " Yet, St. Julien, one word before you part," tenderly replied the Countess ; " remember I have your cause now pleading in my heart ; my daughter will witness my sincerity. Time may yet give a more favourable change to our prospects ; submit for the present moment to the trial imposed on us all, and know, while a mother pleads his cause, St. Julien may still cherish hope.—I can say no more."—Julia's eyes streamed tears, she waved her hand, and followed her mother.

They were scarce out of sight when De Mortville, with rapid steps, accosted St. Julien, from an opposite avenue ; his eager looks and impetuous salutation proclaimed the importance of his errand : the spot he had chosen, to observe the meeting of the lovers, commanded a prospect of the house, and from whence he saw a carriage and suite drive up to the portico ; and concluding this was the arrival of the Count D'Haumont, he readily ac-

counted for the unexpected interruption of the Countess.

The report made but little impression on St. Julien, whose thoughts were tortured and harrassed by the conflict he that moment experienced ; nor did the presence of De Mortville serve otherwise than to increase his sufferings, for he now beheld in the man who stood before him the source of his own culpability. " If the Count be arrived," he said, " then shall I have the means left to exculpate the fault I have committed. I am glad of the event."

De Mortville persuaded him to suppress these transports ; that he would return to him with the particulars of the persons who had arrived. This he refused with great vehemence, saying, if he had followed his own counsels, his perplexities would not have confounded his senses ; and he thus broke from him with hasty strides to the house. De Mortville endeavoured to reason with him, and to dissuade him from his purpose. " Be gone," he resumed, " I will see the issue of my

own counsel. Let come what will, I will be guided by this impulse in my breast. The Count shall answer the consequences. I will be no longer the dupe of his duplicity ; my heart is swelling with a sense of injury. Let him look to it."—These, and the hurry of similar expressions, accelerated his steps, till he entered the house.

"Tell your master," he haughtily cried to a servant, "St. Julien has waited upon him." The man obeyed ; De Mortville was at that moment stepping from another servant to recal St. Julien from his rashness. He had learned the carriage which arrived belonged to young Montmelian ; but all interference was now too late : the door of an apartment opened, and Montmelian made his appearance.

Astonishment was marked in the countenance of St. Julien. Montmelian sternly fixing his eyes upon him, cried, "I have obeyed your summons ; your indeliberate message has thrown the ladies into great consternation ; the imprudent servant delivered it openly ; if you had overtures to make,

I should have received your commands on paper—but thus——”

The uncertain tempest in the soul of St. Julien burst at random on the first point by which it was attracted. “I mistook you for the Count D’Haumont.” “This gentleman will receive your commands,” turning to De Mortville. “I am prepared,” he rejoined, as St. Julien was retiring; and he re-entered the apartment to the ladies. St. Julien regained the grove, followed by De Mortville, where he cast himself on the earth in the excess of transport.

De Mortville, by intreaty and some violence, attempted to raise him up, and to reason with him on his unman-like extravagance. “Let me perish on this spot,” he cried. “The river is at hand,” said De Mortville, “or the branch of this cedar will end your destiny. But remember before you precipitate yourself to destruction, you have left a rival to triumph over your folly. Calm this access of your rage; but if your resentment must fall, let it not dash against yourself,

but on the object which causes your misery."

These words had the effect De Mortville intended ; a horrid calmness succeeded his emotions. Nature was no longer equal to the task of supporting the perturbation of his mind. He rose, and with enfeebled steps walked in silence to the house of Madame Colombiere.

CHAPTER VI.

Eventful life ! how oft with pleasing lure
Thou cheer'st the heart with hopes of bliss secure,
'Till varied anguish in our fond pursuit
Proves hope a tempter with forbidden fruit.

WHEN the name of Monsieur Montmelian was announced to the Countess, he was shown into an apartment, where she waited upon him ; emotions of various kinds awakened her sensibility ; his unexpected arrival ; the absence of the Count her husband, the uncertainty of that absence proved to her his visit at La Prarie, must have originated from a preconcerted overture between his father and her husband ; and she hence concluded the young man was expedited, to pay his addresses to Julia : her duty inclined her to give him a favourable reception, and she courteously welcomed him to the chateau.

The young man, with a confident look receiving her courtesy, said, the

pretence of his visit was founded on a reciprocal interest which ought to subsist between their families, and which she could not be ignorant of ; that his own personal happiness, involved in his obedience to his father, awakened in him much anxiety on the nature of his visit, but which he flattered himself would terminate in a mutual and a lasting concord : he then presented the Countess with a letter, which he said nearly concerned herself and daughter, and which would explain the grounds of his unexpected arrival.

She saw the hand writing of her husband—surprise and terror were painted in her countenance—she read the following address :

“ Receive the son of Count Montmelian. I submit to an event which a binding obligation must decide. I have consigned to Providence the issue of my obedience. Lay no restraint on my daughter ; she must consult her own heart.

“ The agony with which I pen these lines will be felt by the sympa-

thy of my dearest Constantia. She must invoke heaven for that patience, which the disquieted mind of Haumont in vain deprecates. Confide in the motives of my absence ; in my secret views. Show my letter to Julia ; her conduct must govern our future plans ; but I charge you, by the solemn ties of our conjugal happiness, not to impose the least restraint on her principles ; leave her to heaven and the admonitions which her conscience dictates. Let them see each other ; I shall learn the result of their interview, and on the issue my future operations will be governed." Adieu.

With trembling steps she now left him to seek Julia, when the unfortunate occurrence of meeting St. Julien transpired in the grove, there to open his arrival to her, and with a fresh resolution to obey the commands of the Count. After Julia retired from the presence of St. Julien, when the Countess had witnessed the unhappy event, and found her overwhelmed with the greatest possible agitation of mind, she hesitated on the propriety of laying the letter of her father open to her ; but

recalled to a sense of duty, and inspired with the confidence she placed in the solemn though secret motives of her husband, she resolved to show it.

When Julia heard of the arrival of young Montmelian, when she glanced on the contents, her soul seemed wrapt in silent thought ; she cast an eye of resignation and ineffable tenderness on her mother, and proceeded in silence to the house.

Harrassed with varied misfortunes, when the flattering images of life disappear, when no gleam of happiness breaks on wayward fortune, nature chills the heart, and a settled cold unconcern will calmly resign the victim to its fate.

Julia was resolved to obey her father ; she had been long tutored by the Abbess Florentine to humble her natural inclinations ; the tenderness of a parent had been exchanged for the hypocritical tenderness of her spiritual governess ; but returned to the endearing caresses of her parents, the grace of natural affection taught

her that her religious duty was founded on her filial obedience, and she was now resolved to fulfil her promise to the Count, her father ; knowing that on her obedience an awful mystery was to be fulfilled, and which alone must be trusted to the award of Providence.

Julia was scarcely introduced to the young man, when the misguided violence of St. Julien produced the unexpected overture. " I am resigned to my fate," Julia exclaimed, in a collected manner, as Montmelian left the room after the message was sent in, and as the Countess was rising to intercept his going out. When he returned, the Countess declared the truth of the impassioned visit of St. Julien ; nor did she seek an excuse to gloss the unfortunate occurrence.

The unadorned recital of truth made no impression upon him : he concluded the abrupt appearance of St. Julien was a plot raised against his hopes ; whether the field of honor or secret conspiracy was meditated on either side, he found his visit to La

Prarie would be attended with some hazard ; he was therefore determined on the ensuing morning to take his leave, and repair to Paris, to reveal the circumstance, and consult with his father.

When St. Julien arrived at the house of Madame Colombiere, he was persuaded by De Mortville and his aunt to take repose, to which he assented. The fatigue of his journey, the intemperance of the over-night, and the conflict he had suffered, exhausted nature ; but sleep refused its comfort : he was attacked with a violent fever ; on the fourth day he was seized with delirium ; the paroxysm divulged the cause of his distemper to the physician who attended him ; raving for De Mortville to call out Montmelian, denouncing his vengeance against Julia, every floating impression on his mind was uttered.

The sagacity of his physician administered opium as a sedative, and a temporary repose was procured ; but when the influence of the drug subsided, the fever returned with his in-

terval of reason : what nature and medicine would have operated, the mind as quickly counteracted : on the tenth day he was pronounced in danger, and an express was sent to his father.

During this interval young Montmelian had departed for Paris. Julia was left in the most awful state of affliction. The Countess, perplexed with dreadful uncertainties, wherever she contemplated the state of her family, not the smallest consolation offered itself.

The dangerous state of St. Julien, his despair, his unfounded suspicions that his rival was preferred, added increased disorder and misery to the breast of Julia ; interdicted from visiting him by her solemn obligations, and by the arrival of the Marquis, his father, superadded also by the weak state of his body, prevented any palliative and consolatory measures to be adopted in his desperate condition, either on her side, or the side of the Countess.

The pains which La Florentine had

bestowed on Julia, were now experienced in their full lustre. Life presented before her a severe trial of misery ; her crucifix and breviary hourly in her hand ; she sought consolation in prayer, she invoked heaven for patience and resignation ; she endeavoured to suppress every thought which might invite her back to the world ; in the repose of monastic seclusion she found her only happiness ; on every side she turned her view in life all other happiness expired ; her tender heart was at length taught an humble confidence in the dispensations of a superintending Providence.

A fortnight expired after the departure of Montmelian. St. Julien had shown no favourable symptoms of convalescence. The paroxysm of his frenzy had subsided as the disease enfeebled his body : extreme debility left him suspended between life and death. The Marquis was lamenting his fate. He had placed the glory and the happiness of his family on the talents and amiable qualities of his son. He had, on the fracture of the unfortunate connexion with the Hau-

monts, obtained for him the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and he was on the eve of being ordered to join his regiment, where the duties of his profession and the change of scene were considered as necessary palliatives to remove, by degrees, the deep and natural impressions of the beautiful daughter of the Count. His sudden adventure was undertaken without the consent of the father, the issue raised his resentment against the family of Haumont, and which was not a little heightened by De Mortville, who had related the visit of young Montmelian.

While misery was thus besieging the happiness of the Marquis, fresh perplexity assailed the Countess and her daughter. Gripenau, the valet of the Count, arrived at La Prarie. This man had been left at Paris to receive instructions from the Count, but more particularly to watch the movements of Count Montmelian and St. Julien, whose high spirit the Count was apprehensive might not brook the recent event.

Gripenau had been placed by the father of the Count to wait on his son when a child ; he had followed his master in the wars ; proved himself faithful ; was brought up by the old Count in Dauphiny ; by birth a Piedmontise, who, after a battle, was found in a ditch, by the side of his mother, a soldier's wife, who had followed the baggage of the camp, and accidentally killed by a shot during the engagement. The infant, discovered on the breast of the dead mother, raising the compassion of the pious and good Count, he caused him to be fostered near his person. Being brought up in the Castle of Creve Cœur, he was well acquainted with Count Montmelian, and some of the singular anecdotes of the family, which his master had, when a young man, intrusted him with.

In his person he was short, of a square and robust make ; a swarthy complexion, small black eyes, with long, black, and shaggy eye brows, which concealed the subtlety his eyes might otherwise betray. This fellow had acquired, by the confidence of his master, a great

ascendancy over the rest of the servants of the house, as well as in some respects over the Countess herself; he acted in the capacity of principal valet, maitre d'hotel, and in every other capacity which could prove his diligence, usefulness, or which in the end might concur to preserve his power and authority. By his singular bravery and adroitness he had, in the same expedition against Corsica, been instrumental in preserving the life of the Count, who had a chief command in the island; this conspired to attach the Count more confidentially to him, and having received on repeated occasions the liberal bounty of his master, the fellow assumed a great share of importance.

He was now entrusted with a commission which gave him a much greater increase of power to escort the Countess and her daughter to the Castle of Creve Cœur; the spot which he had for a number of years been desirous to revisit; as also not a little forward in his projects to induce the Count to the same purpose. Through him his master was instructed

in the recent disasters of his family, and which he had not a little accelerated by his interviews with Count Montmelian, whose interest, to serve his own ends, he now most zealously espoused: for this purpose the Count had dispatched him with a letter to the Countess, which he presented with a countenance at once bespeaking his importance and his exultation.

Count D'Haumont to his Lady.

"Lose no time, my beloved Constantia, in preparing for your departure from La Prarie. You must, without delay, repair with my lovely child to my Castle on the Durance. Gripenau has received my orders; he is well acquainted with the best route; and will arrange the plan with his usual skill.

"For the present let your heart be tranquil about the condition of Haumont. If he has resolution to fulfil a great duty which he is bound to perform, Heaven will not leave him without support. Comfort yourself with a trust in Providence, forget the

pleasures of this world for the present, and in earnest supplication for a return of happiness; be strong to encounter the worst; but cherish the encouraging, though perhaps delusive expectation of better days.

“ Offer up prayers to heaven for deliverance; and you will soothe an afflicted heart by that graceful and tender obedience which has, to the present moment of life, adorned the nuptial state of
HAUMONT.”

After a struggle against contending fears and apprehensions, which the perusal of this letter had caused in the breast of the Countess, she submitted to her duty, and prepared herself to open the commands of her husband to her daughter.

It was early in the morning when Gripenau arrived, who had travelled post the whole night: the Countess was not risen. When, however, she had dressed herself, and descended, she repaired to the room of Julia, but judge of her surprise—her daughter was not to be found; she was no where

in the house, no servant had heard or seen her leave her bed-room.

All the domestics were dispatched through the grounds of the chateau, and a general consternation spread every where. A thousand fears rushed into the heart of the Countess; the deep affliction of her child produced alarms which a tender parent could not support. She had at last fainted in the arms of the affrighted Cecilia, her waiting-woman, when the gardener entered the house with the joyful tidings, that Julia was seen by day-break to enter the chapel with her little dog: and it was there she was found, devoutly offering her morning orisons to heaven.

Tranquility was soon restored. Great afflictions will dispel the lesser; the recent fears, which the letter of the Count had produced, now vanished, at the recovery of her lost child.

She repaired in haste to the chapel; and found the devout mind of Julia prepared for any human shock.

Julia received the mandate of her father with composed acquiescence.

and she inspired an anxious parent with resignation.

The Countess now perceived the omission of her religious duties in the amiable example of her patient child; folding her in her arms, she wept on her bosom, and they both dropped on their knees in prayer before the altar. Enthusiasm, and religious zeal, at this moment might have found their advocate in philosophy; and philosophy be tempted to discard its profound speculations, its syllogisms, and its sophistry. The Stoick might behold his cold axioms vanish before a more transcendent doctrine, which at once could calm the passions, and inspire with fortitude the frail condition of human nature. Even catholic superstition, the super-human ceremonies of the papists, and the austere forms of monastic life, might have met their apologist in the libertine, who in vain seeks for happiness by his natural speculations.

The bigotry inspired by La Florentine was now triumphant. The apparent evils of life found their

opposite good : the religious education which the Count had bestowed upon Julia, and which he was once tempted to oblige her to recant, was her only support in the moment of deep adversity.

They left the chapel with peaceful hearts, and prepared in silence to obey the Count.

CHAPTER VII.

Suspense ! thou'rt the towering bird of Jove
Hovering in air, to strike the harmless dove ;
Who trembling views aloft the ruthless foe,
Fears to take wing, and waits the murderer's blow.

IT was in the first week of the month of May, when the sun rose on the beautiful chateau of La Prairie, to cheer the Countess and her daughter on their route to Dauphiny. Cecilia was putting their trunks in travelling order in the apartment of the Countess, when her sobs and rueful countenance proclaimed some fresh disaster.

The simple girl, when she first heard of the expedition, had been overcome with rapture. The Countess demanded the cause of her present grief ; but she remained silent, and proceeded with the ordering of the clothes and travelling apparatus. At last she exclaimed, after repeated questions from her mistress, " I do not mind it at all, my lady, since Master Preville will accompany

us." This was the name of a domestic who was to ride forward to order horses at the different posts on the road. "Nor do I concern myself about any thing that Sieur Gripenau can say; for he is generally busy with his cup at night, and is fond of his jeers and talk; which, you know, my lady, I should not trouble my head about, as we all know him pretty well, but"—here she stopt and sobbed again. "But what?" sharply replied Julia, who roundly huffed Cecilia for blubbering, and being so mysterious in her answers. "Ah, you know, Madame Julia," the girl answered, "what has frightened me!"

"Some stuff about the castle, Mama," said Julia, "which the servants were gossiping about last night, and which the foolish girl lends her ear to. They are pleased with a parcel of lies, which the common people always invent, and which she always believes." "Some story of a goblin, I suppose," replied the Countess. "Ah! such nonsense," resumed Julia, "La Prairie can furnish plenty of such stuff, as well as the Castle of Crève Cœur." "Indeed, Mademoiselle," replied Cecilia, "I have

heard you say the nuns of St. Esprit believed in these things as well as myself ; and I have heard you relate"——

"Go on with the package," cried the Countess, "and let us hear no more of such absurdities."

The great gate of the court-yard was soon heard to open, and the carriages were drawing up to the porch. The baggage was strapping on, the postilions in jeering terms were calling to their companions, and in cheerful songs hailing the dawn. The Countess and Julia, with lingering steps, descended the great staircase to the hall, casting farewell glances on the objects of their favourite and once happy mansion ; on a retreat of hospitable conviviality, of splendid pleasure, supported by a large fortune, and as large a share of domestic bliss, as heaven could possibly bestow on the house of Haumont.

The poor villagers and dependents of La Prarie, to whom the Countess had ordered a bounty to be given, were assembled at the outer gates, to

show their grateful homage—their sorrow and reluctance at their departure.

The coach contained the Countess, Julia, and Cecilia: the berlin, the Sieur Gripenau, and another domestic. Preville was dispatched before to order post horses.

The tear at intervals from the languid eye of Julia drew the attention of a fond mother, who, wanting some worldly consolation herself, had no power to soothe or enliven the drooping spirits of her daughter. She had left orders with Madame Colombiere, her confidante, to inform her of the fate of St. Julien, whose precarious condition had been concealed from Julia, and who had been taught to believe that his illness was not so dangerous; but the shock was still powerfully felt, as she well knew she had been the innocent cause of his malady.

At Dreux they crossed the country for Orleans. At Maintenon they slept the first night; where the Sieur Gripenau took most copious libations of

wine, with Boissé, the other domestic; and letting his tongue run about the castle, to frighten the simple Cecilia, made a stronger impression on the girl than he did before.

On the following morning, as the carriage was rolling along the Chaussée, through the valley of Maintenon, she could no longer suppress her fears; but bursting into tears, told the Countess and Julia, that she did not like to go to the castle. The Countess thinking it expedient to humour the ignorant girl, and meet her objections, for the purpose of reasoning her out of her fears, asked her if Gripenau had told her any fresh stories of apparitions.

Cecilia, who was now permitted to tell her mind, assured the Countess, she was so much frightened, that if it were not her duty to obey her mistress, she should be heartily glad to turn back again; although, for that matter, she liked travelling well enough; but then to be forced to sleep in the castle where the *Sieur Gripenau* said he never had, nor never would, was a dreadful circumstance;

and she was sure, if the Countess obliged her so to do, that she should be scared out of her senses." Thus she continued running on without explaining her fears.

"What are the stories of Gripenau, Cecilia?" demanded the Countess: "let us hear them, and I will try to match them with others as good." "Your ladyship," said the girl, "most likely has heard all about it—that real visions are frequently seen in the castle." "Psha!" spoke Julia, "visions of a bad conscience!—pray, let us hear no more of such visions, such simple talk." "But, indeed, Mademoiselle, I can assure you it is very true," replied Cecilia, "for Master Gripenau told us what the Count had told him, how that many dreadful murders had been committed there; and so you know it must be true." "If all the dead," resumed the Countess, "were to rise, who have been slain by the hands of murderers, or the banditti who have infested the earth with their military exploits, I fancy we should behold the road as we pass along lined with these gibbering gentry. See there,

Cecilia," pointing to an old woman riding on a jack-ass, "there is the ghost of your grandmother." Cecilia, putting her head out of the coach window, burst into a loud laugh, and so her foolish conversation ended.

At Anneau, the next post town, they were once more obliged to cross the country, a few leagues, before they arrived on the high road to Orleans. At Chevilly, a post before Orleans, the postilions said the Marechaussé were in pursuit of Preville, their servant, who had ordered horses about an hour before they arrived; and they were certain the Countess would find him in custody on her arrival at Orleans.

This information caused in the party no small surprise, and especially in Cecilia, who, hearing this singular occurrence, was thrown into hysterics. Gripenau was now called upon to give his opinion on the business, who assured the Countess, if Preville had been guilty of any offence against the law, it must have taken place at Paris, and that he must have been recognized by those gentry on his journey.

The equipage was got ready with all possible expedition, and Cecilia, with mournful cries, in the interval of her fits, called for her dear Preville; and saw nothing before her eyes but gibbets, racks, and hangmen dragging her lover to execution.

When they arrived at Orleans, Gripenau was dispatched to enquire into this curious adventure, who soon returned, and reported that the Marechaussé were in possession of a horse-stealer, who had on his back the livery of Preville, scarlet and gold, which the fellow had taken from him as the best disguise to secure his flight, and procure horses to be out of the reach of pursuit. On hearing this, Cecilia cried out—" *Ab pour ça—le pauvre garçon,*" and went off again in hysterics, supposing his fate was now as bad as gibbetting, that he had been surprised and murdered by the horse-stealer. This in fact was likely to have been the case, for he was actually fired at by the robber, and obliged to dismount, and strip off his livery, to suffer himself to be bound hand and foot, while the fellow drest himself in his clothes, and left his

own behind. But the horse-stealer not having the precaution to gag his mouth, his cries soon brought persons to his relief, who, by the account of the Marechaussée, would soon conduct him to Orleans.

This good intelligence revived the spirits of the travellers, and Cecilia before night had the pleasure once more to behold her dear Preville in a whole skin ; but the adventure detained the party a day longer, which had the good effects of refreshing the Countess and Julia from their fatigue.

A third fine spring morning arose on our travellers, and opened to their view the decorated banks of the Loire; and the valleys recently fertilized by the early spring rains, which had swoln that broad and long winding river. Rural industry struck their eyes; the cheering sun had invited the peasant to his revolving labour; the ox ploughed the land for the golden hope of harvest; hamlets checquered over the face of the country; the village maidens and old women sat with their spinning wheels at their doors: pictu-

resque beauties which the luxurious and the rich admire, and from which the well informed mind might draw lessons of sober content.

The Countess and Julia found their minds regaled by this rapid succession of objects: the contemplation of a romantic scenery cheering the eye, averted the imagination from the sorrows of life. Thus travel proved its claim to rouse affliction from its lethargy, and though it could not extirpate the roots of our corroding enemy, it could lessen, by its insensible charm over the mind, the mortal stroke which it seldom fails in the end to bring.

On their arrival at Lyons they took the route for Avignon; and at Valence left the main road to cross a vast unfrequented track of Dauphiny to the river Durance. At the latter town, Gripenau was obliged to hold a consultation with the post-master, as horses could only be provided a few leagues farther.

The post-master told the Countess, Grenoble would be the safest and short-

est route; from whence regular posts were stationed to within a small distance of the Seigniory of Haumont. . . . When she asked Gripenau the reason why he did not pursue the road to Grenoble, he replied, "it is the orders of the Count I obey: I was expressly commanded to avoid Grenoble, and to take the old road of the late Count his father."

Two saddle horses were therefore purchased; a guide of the name of Martin, who knew the country, was hired; and the arms were examined, and reloaded, in case of sudden attack from banditti. The skill of Martin and Preville, in the livery of the Count, who posted forward to make preparation, roused the peasantry, who, at the name of Haumont, shewed their alertness, and produced their oxen and horses for the carriages.

The family of the Count had not visited the seigniory since the death of the Countess Dowager, nor since that time had that route been frequented; the peasants were therefore overjoyed at the news which Gripenau took care to spread, of the intentions

of the Count to revisit his domains. Thus, wherever they stopped, all faces proclaimed their welcome, which the occasional liberalities of the Countess often repaid.

Gripenau had not forgotten the towns in the vicinity of the domain, and he was skilful enough in providing tolerable resting places for the night; where, according to his usual custom, he never failed to enliven his fancy with the best wines of the country, and to carouse and narrate tales with the other domestics.

They had now approached within a few leagues of the Durance; and the distant hills of Savoy faintly shewed their blue and lofty summits, covered with eternal snow. As they pursued their course, the fears of their waiting-woman, Cecilia, rose in proportion. Her cheerful looks, and foolish clack, which had occasionally sprung up as they posted along, were now exchanged for a funereal demeanour. The road being rough and steep, they were obliged to get out of the carriage; the oxen, with much

difficulty, dragged the carriage up the ascent. Just as they alighted, they observed a groupe of wretched figures, which the French call *bo'emiennes*, or gypsies, seated on the road side. A woman with a child approached the Countess, who was on foot, and begged some charity. Cecilia loitered behind, and when the carriages stopt on the hill, the Countess, on approaching to get in, observed the girl in close conference with a gypsy woman, and, on her delay, was obliged to dispatch Boissé to bring her back, especially as her conversation continued, although she knew they were waiting for her. After some little expostulation, the valet returned with Cecilia, who was in part dragged along, for she showed strong symptoms of a wish to return. When she approached the carriage, the Countess and Julia huffed her for the absurdity of her delay, in stopping to talk with the beggar woman. Boissé said she insisted on having her fortune told, and the *bobemienne* had not finished examining her hand.

When seated in the coach, the Countess chided her for her stupid

credulity. Cecilia replied, "she was certain the woman would have told her true, if she had stopped long enough; for she knew about the strange things in the Castle." "And how came you to question her," resumed the Countess? "As for that matter, my lady, I am sure you would have thought no harm, if you had heard what strange things Master Gripenau related last night, before every person in the house where we slept, and they all bore witness to the truth. I am frightened out of my senses about the Castle, and so I was determined to have my fortune told, to know what would become of me." "Such stuff," replied Julia, "how should that wretched creature know any thing about the Castle?" "Dear Mademoiselle, she knew where we were going, as soon as I opened my mouth." "I dare say she did," continued Julia, "from Preville or Martin, who had just passed them on the road." "By Our Lady, that could not be neither, for she told me the same things which Master Gripenau told me last night. Preville, poor lad, was obliged to go to bed long before Gripenau began his story, to rest himself." "And pray,"

said the Countess, "what did Gripenau tell you?" Cecilia answered, she would relate the whole if Mademoiselle Julia would not chide her again. "Let the girl go on, my dear," continued the Countess. "I have no patience to hear such unmeaning clack," answered Julia, "she is always picking up a parcel of idle stories. The gypsy, wandering up and down the country, has, doubtless been at the Castle, which, being unoccupied, has given rise to many odd fancies.

"They all know the weakness of our Cecilia, and as every Castle must be haunted or enchanted, of course they are plotting fresh tricks, for their pastime, with the simple creature when we get there." "Indeed, my lady, I am very willing to go wherever you please; but I do assure you the fortune-teller told me what Master Gripenau said last night, as how, there was a real ghost walking in the chapel of the Castle, which was always locked up, that no person might enter it." "Then nobody can see it," answered Julia: "but what has the ghost to do with your fortune?" resumed the Countess;

“she did not tell you the ghost was to be your husband.” Cecilia said she was coming to that when Boissé called her back. “Coming to that,” interrupting her, answered Julia—“I wish you was coming to your senses.” “Well, Mademoiselle,” continued Cecilia, “it is well if I ever see La Prarie again, for my heart sore misgives me, and I do believe all about it; and I am sure Preville does the same; for he told me at Valence, as he was loading his pistols, that there would happen some bad mischance before we had been long in the Castle.”

CHAPTER VIII.

The mouldering turret, with its aspect drear,
Through the tall nodding pine, awakes pale fear !
There taunting pilgrims cast their longing eyes,
Stop short, and ponder on old prodigies.
Approach'd, the pilgrim peering all around,
Observes the chained horn, and fears to sound ;
Views the green mantled moat, the draw-bridge rais'd,
Then listening, finds all hush'd, and stands amaz'd.

ON ascending another steep hill, they were again obliged to alight. When they had reached the summit, the long winding valleys of the Durance opened to their view : they had now approached within a league of the seigniory of D'Haumont. Gripenau, with joy in his countenance, addressed the Countess, saying, " Yonder, my lady, is situated the Castle of Crève Cœur." From the spot the carriage halted at, they discerned a wide extended sheet of country, crowded with thick and impervious forests, intersected with fertile plains, and bounded by the lower hills. On the other side of the river a chain of mountains ascended to the mountains of Savoy. They

thus surveyed the remainder of their route, which, in the space of two hours or less, might be terminated, provided they found no impediment at the ferry, by which they were to cross the river. One turret of the Castle might be perceived through the chasm of a hill, which topped the pines and the firs; and at a considerable distance from this turret, on the peak of a hill, Gripenau pointed out a tower, which he called the "Defiance of Savoy."

When they arrived at the ferry, the waters of the river had swelled over the banks; a little skiff was paddled over, in which Preville and Martin soon reached the other side. The Countess halted at a cottage guingette, while preparations were made for the transportation of her equipage. The waters having flowed over the landing place; and the great barge to receive the carriages not having been used for some time, was out of repair, and it was thought dangerous to trust it.

There was a bridge at the distance of ten miles lower down the river, but the roads to that quarter were ut-

terly impassable. The man who returned in the skiff, reported the disastrous state of the ferry-boat, which, he was in hopes, would be soon set to rights. On the other side of the river the inhabitants had assembled with loud rejoicings on the arrival of the Countess ; who was also hailed by the cottagers as they passed along to the guingette at the ferry. Preville and Martin having sounded their horns, slung by their sides, the usual alarm for the out-rider to give warning of the approach of a carriage, brought multitudes of men, women, and children, to clear the road from obstruction, cheerful spectators on such an occasion.

Many hands were now seen busy hauling the ferry-barge on shore, and Martin giving them directions. Preville was dispatched to the Castle, a mile distance from the ferry, to announce the arrival of the Countess and her suite.

In a short time the distant sound of a loud and mellow horn was heard from the Castle, which was in-

stantly answered by another from the pinnacle of a high rock, commanding the river, near the ferry.

The peasantry by this time had driven fresh piles into the bank, to fasten the ropes to, for the ferry barge to run upon, and the same were preparing on the other side. When Preville returned from the Castle the banks on the opposite side were lined with people.

The activity and diligence of the willing peasantry soon put the barge in readiness ; when the skiff was again hailed to be at hand in case of accident. The barge being hauled over, in it arrived an old venerable man, accompanied by two others. On his approach to the Countess, he fell on one knee, and, with a most respectful homage, welcomed her arrival, presenting her with a large massy key, and blessing God that his eyes had once more beheld the honoured family of D'Haumont, under whom he had been upwards of fifty years grand bailiff over the domains of the illustrious Count.

The Countess stretching forth her hand, the old man prest it to his lips, and then rose up, wiping a tear from his eye.

He was clothed in a faded green coat, with broad tarnished lace; a scarlet broad trimmed waistcoat, with long flaps, which hung down to his knees; over his shoulder was thrown a broad belt of green embroidered cloth, at the end of which hung the castle key, which, taking off from a large steel swivel, he presented to the Countess on his knee. This key was upwards of a foot in length, of brass gilt, and had the arms of the Haumont family magnificently ensculptured on the handle. This custom was of ancient date, and always observed, when any of the family visited the Castle.

The old man, in a trembling voice, exclaimed, "Most noble Countess, we had no courier to warn us of your arrival in due time; our duty would otherwise have furnished you with a better train; but I have done my best at this short notice. Sebas-

tian has prepared all the marshalmien he could get together, who will be in readiness to meet your ladyship on the other side.

While the ferry barge was working over, loud acclamations hailed their approach. The coach and berlin, on the return of the barge, were wheeled into it; and preparation was shortly afterwards made to proceed to the Castle.

The old bailiff, and Sebastian, the grand veneur, were ranging the marshalmen, armed with halberts and carbines, to the number of about twenty; some of these they planted before, some on the sides, and some behind the carriage of the Countess. Goismormant, the bailiff, mounted on horseback, preceded the equipage with his sword drawn; and Sebastian rode by the side of the Countess, sword in hand. Behind the berlin, in which were seated Gripenau and Boissé, a groupe of peasants and dependents, with their wives and children, followed, with repeated acclamations.

The road on the ferry side gradually rose with a spiral ascent through the ruins of rocks, interspersed with pine, fir, and larch. The evening sun was sinking behind the western forests of Grenoble. The carriages moved slowly along, and it was dusk before they reached the outer works of the Castle.

The grand bailiff calling one of the attendants, commanded a trumpet to sound; which being instantly answered from a turret over the draw-bridge, a voice demanded the name of the person who asked admittance. Goismormant cried out, "in the name of Haumont, the most noble and puissant Count of Dauphiny, the rightful owner of this Castle, I command the draw-bridge to be let down, and honour and obeisance to be paid to his most illustrious Countess;" or some such summons, the relic of an antiquated form, by which the Castle held its tenure, and invariably adopted on the arrival of any branches of the family.

The equipage now rolled over the old draw-bridge. The rattling of the chains and grating noise of the

portcullis frightened - Cecilia, who screamed out.*

They had another bridge to pass before they entered the bass court, where the light of torches gleamed round the ponderous towers, and gave a faint view of the magnificence of the structure. Attendants were in waiting, who, closing on the carriage of the Countess, ranged themselves on the flight of steps which led to the

* The translator was in doubt whether he should suffer this description of the draw-bridge to remain. A beautiful, and picturesque, though confused romance, which has recently been favoured by the public, has this passage: "as the carriage rolled heavily under the portcullis, Emily's heart sunk." A friend having looked over these sheets, mentioned this coincidence, and advised the translator to expunge it, lest it might be considered a plagiarism. As many castles have draw-bridges as well as the Castle of Udolpho, the passage was suffered to remain as it stands in the original; more especially as the translator is assured the author never perused that romance.

The simplicity and dramatic keeping of this manuscript wanted no auxiliary from fantastic or unnatural description. The localities will be found depicted too faithfully from nature: for where improbability is started, superficial imagination will be easily detected.

mansion. The folding doors of the spacious vestibule were flung open, and a display of tapers and lamps, from within, showed a sumptuous hall, decorated with helmets, shields, and other warlike insignia.

The grand bailiff preceding the Countess, and taking from the hands of an antiquated female, two enormous wax tapers, conducted her to the balustrades of a marble stair-case, on the columns of which were two bears segant, of sculptured marble, supporting the shield of the family arms. On the first landing place a high pointed gothic door stood open, which exhibited a splendid apartment, lighted up. Goismormant falling back, the Countess and Julia entered it; he then followed, placing his tapers on a table, and exclaiming, "I have lived to see the day:—the Count, my noble master, will once more visit us." He then begged the Countess would give her orders when she wished to partake of refreshment; pointing to a large silver bell on the table, the signal for obedience to her commands.

They were now seated, and had time to recover themselves from this unexpected ushering into the castle. Their eyes peered about the antique apartment, curiously embellished with gothic fret work. Massive timbers of ensculptured oak rose from the sides of the room, with springing arches from their perpendicular abutments to the trussed beams of the ceiling, crowded with reticulated ornaments, representing human figures, with beasts and birds of fancied shapes. From the centre of the ceiling a rich embossed carving of fillagree work protruded, the head of which represented a lilly of large dimensions; around the central work innumerable divisions of the same reticulated wood work were conveyed to it; and on the angles of each division a similar embossed carving, with a lilly of a smaller size, projected. The divisions were alternately charged with fancied animal forms; the whole exhibiting a singular remain of the wonderful perseverance and ingenuity of the gothic architect.

The fire place was decorated with large irons, which contained wood fuel ready for lighting. The nobs were of

brass, gilt, representing bears segant, one paw armed with a sword, the other resting on a shield, on which was blazed the Haumont arms. The mantle-piece, of alabaster, was a pointed arch, of the Gothic order, crouded with fillagree ornaments, gilt and painted in various colours descriptive of the ornaments.

A whole length mirror was fixed in the opposite wainscot in a recess, forming a principal stall, and surrounded with ensculptured wood work. On each side of the mirror were two inferior stalls, which contained whole length portraits of a man and woman; the man in a coat of burnished mail, a baton of command in his hand, with his helmet and plume on a cushion placed on a pedestal. Over a small shield of the family arms was written in Latin, "John, Count D'Haumont, 1549." The woman was seated, with her head reclined on her hand, gazing on a stream of water, issuing from the mouth of a lion, which fell into a stone bason in the form of a shell, on which

a ring-dove was perched, sipping the water.*

The window curtains were of crimson silk velvet, fringed with gold, and tassels; the chairs had high gilt backs, and cushions of the same velvet, with tissue fringes down to the feet.

The eyes of the Countess and Julia had been fixed on the portraits for some minutes, when it occurred to them that this was the state-room in which the horrid catastrophe was discovered, of Count Montmelian and the unhappy consort of Count John D'Haumont. The date on the portrait of the man answered to the time, and seemed to evidence the truth; but the portrait of the lady being preserved, which rather should have been buried in oblivious destruction, seemed to argue it was that of some other person. Julia

* There are few ancient castles, retained by succession in noble families, but that are decorated with portraits of their ancestors. It is a splendid and flattering mark of ancient dignity. Partiality for the honours of descent will be ever anxious to keep them in their accustomed places, while hereditary opulence remains unimpaired.

thought the traits of the face were too beautiful for a soul of such perfidy ; the complexion was a transparent fair, with a delicate bloom on the cheeks ; the hair approaching to redness ; she had a pearl necklace with a cascanet falling down from it, which came out of the lower part of her ruff, and which descended as low as the zone of her venetian bodice of black velvet ; to which was pendant an order ; her ears were ornamented with large pearls ; the hair was braided with jewels, and relieved by a small coif of black lace ; in the hand, which was placed gracefully in her lap, was held an ivory pomander.

The singular beauty and ornaments of the portrait tempted Julia to rise and examine it more closely ; when she observed the face had received considerable damage, as if intentionally done ; and the shield, on which the arms of Haumont appeared to have been, was erased, with the name over them. She was then confirmed in the first suggestion of her mother, that this was the portrait of the be-

loved, though wicked, Countess of her murdered ancestor.

The Countess ringing the bell, to give orders for some refreshment, the high bailiff made his appearance, saying, "her own servants were employed in removing the baggage, and requesting the honour of receiving the commands which, he was in hopes, would on the morrow be better obeyed;" adding, "if she had fortunately taken the route through Grenoble, the Count Montmelian would have doubtless dispatched an expeditious messenger to see the castle in a better state of preparation: the old man with some garburity also expressed his surprise, that this gentleman had not received the previous orders of the Count.

From this conversation, the Countess and Julia concluded that Goismormant was no stranger to the intentions of the Count, and well acquainted with the mysteries of the family; yet, they nobly refrained from urging any questions, resolving to wait the issue of their journey, and harbouring no small fears against the former, who,

they concluded by his talk, was under the controul of Montmelian, and perhaps allied to his interests.

The Countess gave her orders for supper ; when the bailiff told her there was a roe-buck at the fire, some game, and a dish of cray fish, which would be soon served up. He was then dismissed, with orders to send Cecilia, their waiting-woman, to them. The girl soon entered, with a cheerful smile on her countenance. “ Well, child,” said the Countess, “ how do you like the Castle of Crève Cœur ? Have you seen the apparition which Gripenau frightened you about ? ”

Cecilia. “ O, dear, my lady ! I am vastly delighted, indeed. Madam Gramont, the old lady housekeeper, * is so obliging ; and Preville says he never saw such civil people in his life before. Such a kitchen, my lady ! such prodi-

* All castles kept up with any view to family residence still retain the steward and the housekeeper. The latter is generally the narrator of some prodigy ; but tales, which carry with them more the semblance of truth than fiction, will come better recommended to the polished reader.

gious fire places! they can roast meat enough for an army of soldiers. My lady, the castle is as full of people as our village; and every face as joyful as if they were at our May fair at La Prarie.

Cecilia was commanded to order Madam Gramont to attend, to conduct them to their sleeping apartment, which they purposed visiting till supper was on the table. The old lady soon made her appearance with two large wax tapers, in massy silver candlesticks; the wax of the candles ornamented with various colours, and gilded, similar to those seen on the altars of a church; the old lady apparelled in a black silk gown, with a crape hood over her head, the counterpart in antique appearance to the high bailiff; with trembling steps, yet placid countenance, in which was pictured a hearty welcome to the noble guests, she officiously conducted the Countess and Julia to an apartment on the same floor, which was entered through a passage, from a door of the state apartment.

The bed room appropriated for the Countess and Julia was in the same Gothic stile with the rooms they had just quitted. The bed was ornamented with enormous gilt posts and ponderous carved work, representing the four seasons of the year, in emblematic figures of no mean carving. The tester of the bed was as high as the ceiling, with curtains of faded purple velvet, drawn up by large tarnished gold tassels; the bed capacious enough to receive five or six persons. The Countess expressing her surprise on observing so much order and neatness in the room; Gramont, letting fall a few tears, produced by joy in her overflowing heart, on receiving the Countess, declared, that the occupation of keeping the furniture and rooms in proper order, was the only delight of Monsieur Goismormant and herself: for it always brought to their minds their dear departed Count and Countess, whom, she was certain, the blessed Virgin had received into her bosom, for they were the best and holiest personages in the world.

While the Countess was contemplating

the furniture in the room, Julia fixed her eyes on a picture, the subject of which was a young woman, kneeling as a Magdalene before a crucifix, with the emblems of mortal vanities at her feet.

“That portrait” cried Gramont, “is that of my good Dowager Countess. It was painted in Italy before she married. The picture of the Count, I think, your noble ladyship has at your house in Normandy.” “It is there,” answered the Countess, “and why was not this placed beside it?” “It was the desire of my pious Lady Dowager,” replied Gramont, “that it should never be removed from the room where she died, unless the family requested it.”

Cecilia, standing at the back of Julia, cried, “Holy saints! I would rather sleep in some other room.” Julia turning round, huffed the impertinent girl. Gramont directing herself to Julia, and staring wistfully in her face, exclaimed, “Sweet young lady! how you resemble my good and much honoured Dowager Countess! your words and looks recall her to my memory:

may the blessed Virgin guide you to the same heavenly paradise ! I oftentimes bring my bobbins of lace into this room, and sit hours at work ; this picture of my dear lady brings to remembrance my youthful days, and the happy moments I have formerly passed in the Castle."

A loud bell was now heard, which the Countess concluded was the signal for supper. When they entered the state-room, Goismormant was in waiting with Preville, who lighted her steps to a spacious hall illumined with pendent lustres, and wax tapers on the board. At the head of the table was placed an old magnificent gilt crimson velvet chair, having a footstool ornamented with the arms and supporters of the Count, raised higher than the other chairs, with a portion of the table before the Countess also elevated.

The silent formality of Goismormant and Sebastian more than once drew a smile from Julia and the Countess, who thought themselves bound to submit to the parade of this almost ob-

sole provincial ceremony. On this occasion the highbailiff was clad in his gala suit, of pompadore velvet, with long sleeves; a wig of the old Ramlie cut, bag solitaire, and white silk stockings. Sebastian wore a suit of green and gold, with a couteau de chasse slung from a broad belt, the distinction of his grand-veneur ship. Gripenau, Preville, and Boisse, were also in waiting, but each severally placed by Goismormant; and what the Countess thought singular, they were uncommonly attentive and respectful to his orders, having no marks of risibility on their countenance, which she concluded could not fail to escape them in viewing such a contrast to the refined manners of Paris and Normandy.

On one side of the Countess stood the grand bailiff, on the other the grand veneur; the former with one hand in his bosom, adorned with large ruffles of lace hanging down, showing by his dignified ease his exaltation over the other domestics, and that his duty was only to watch the eyes of the Countess, and, if possible, to anticipate her wants; which he did

occasionally by a nod or sign with his other hand---a distinction treasured thirty years in his memory, when the old Count or Countess Dowager was living, since whose death he had never been called upon to perform the etiquette before this night.

The table was decorated with a variety of game, of the chace as well as of flight; antiquated silver epergnes, candlesticks, and massy dishes. The Countess, by this preparation, concluded her arrival was expected, otherwise the order and method of the service must have appeared like fairy enchantment.

The taciturnity of the attendants she considered as the relic of an ancient form. When a glass of wine was filled up, to be handed to her and Julia, a flourish of kettle drums and trumpets came from a gallery fronting her, before which a green curtain was drawn; after she had drank her wine the flourish ceased, when the flute, clarinet, and violin, played a soft air, which continued throughout the repast. When the dishes were removed, Italian sweet

meats, and preserves of the last autumn fruits, with various wines, were placed on the table. The music now ceased; the domestics left the hall; Goismor-mant staid the last; and then turning to the Countess, as he approached the door, made a low obeisance, and departed.

After his departure a Monk made his appearance, who, bowing low to the Countess as he entered, stood before her with his hands folded in his tunic. He seemed to be between fifty and sixty years of age, mild in his looks, and of a cheerful hale countenance, which conveyed marks of intelligence and profound sagacity. Judging by his admission that there was some necessary formality to be observed, she desired the friar to take a seat, which, having courteously accepted, Julia presented him with some dried fruit, which he accepted.

Having enquired his order, and the nature of his visit, he said he was of the Holy Fraternity; that the convent was situated about a league distant from the Castle, endowed and founded by an ancestor of the Count; that his

name was Guillaume, and that he was the Confessor of the Castle. He added, that for many years he had been accustomed; morning and evening, to perform the duty of matins and vespers before Monsieur Goismormant, Madam Gramont, and the dependents of the seigniory; and that he was brought up from a child under the care of the Lady Dowager, and daily said masses for their souls.

The Countess praising the extraordinary regularity and piety of Goismormant, Friar Guillaume replied, "that his diligence survived many years the loss he sustained in her noble family; that the customs and regular duties of the day had continued in the Castle unimpaired since the decease of the Count and Countess: and that through him the neighbourhood preserved the remembrance of her illustrious house, when the Castle shone with its ancient splendour. Through him the annual feasts and revelling, the sports and pastimes of the tenants and villagers, were kept up, which would long ago have been suppressed, had he listened to the remonstrances

of Count Montmelian, who sometimes visited the Castle from Grenoble, or in his route from Italy. Monsieur Gramont, added he, would never suffer any encroachment on the seigniory; for what the Count refused, his own liberality has often bestowed, in support of the hereditary honours of his illustrious lady."

The Countess observed how much her surprise was raised, on perceiving the great order and preparation so expeditiously performed, and also on hearing the unexpected regale of music in the gallery of the hall.

Guillaume. " This was always the custom, Lady, of your ancestors, when they resided here. The men you heard belong to various offices in the Castle; some are marshal-men, some are labourers in the farm; they were instructed by the old servants and dependents, who have gradually dropped off, and who, time immemorial, had been instructed in this pleasant duty."

She now enquired if those ceremonies were performed when Count

Montmelian returned to the Castle. To this Guillaume replied, that the Count never slept in it, but repaired to the house of Lawyer Corbeille, where he transacted his business with Monsieur Goismormant, received his rents, and gave his orders about the seignior.

The Castle clock now struck; the vesper bell was tolled, and attendants entered the hall and removed the supper table; a portable desk was brought to the upper end, and a missal placed upon a velvet cushion. Guillaume ascended. All the servants of the Castle made their appearance, and with uniform devotion attended the service. A fugue from an organ in the gallery was performed on their entrance, and repeated when the service concluded.

When this ceremony was over, Goismormant, with his wax tapers, conducted the Countess and Julia to their apartments, who received the humble salutation of each dependent as they passed along the middle of the spacious hall; no one presumed to move, but respectfully ranged themselves before the long oak tables, which were fixed on each side of the hall.

CHAPTER IX.

Visions of night, flit o'er the guilty mind;
Aghast the murderer starts, to fear consign'd;
But dauntless innocence, with her bright mail,
Bids shade's avaunt, and dares the dead assail.

FROM the balm of refreshing sleep, the Countess and Julia were awakened at break of day, by the horns* of the peasants, calling the herds of sheep and goats from their folds to pasturage on the mountains. Raising the ponderous window curtains, they beheld the majestic grandeur of the Castle. Under the eye appeared the spacious ballium or area, gradually sloping to the ramparts; the walls embattled in the old order, with salient circular towers instead of bastions: the outer works descended to the borders of a

* These horns are made of the bark of the beech tree, in spiral folds, five feet in length, with a small curve, rising two feet from the mouth. They send forth a mellow loud sound, and are heard at a considerable distance.

wide extended lake on the south, skirted to the north with fir, pine, and spreading beech. The sun rising from the east, and concealed by the extensive range of mountains, the boundaries of Savoy, threw a lengthened shadow beyond the lake, gleaming on the extensive vallies of Grenoble, through which flowed the winding Durance.

Boats were already paddling on the lake, and the people of the Castle running out a line of net. The river often overflowing its banks, from the melting of the snow on the distant mountains, rises to a considerable height, and falling into the lake over a bar of half a mile in length, deposits in it trout and other fish, affording the Castle an inexhaustible supply.

From the window the Countess and Julia could command an extensive view of the north, south, and west turrets of the Castle. The chief entrances were from the north and the south; the former the Grenoble, the latter the Italian entrance; the west led to the lake, and the east, behind the mansion, led to the mountains.

In the bas-court, various persons were passing backward and forward, carrying provisions to the back apartments of the castle. Goismormant was giving orders, at the west turret, to others, obsequiously standing with their caps in their hands.

The busy scene tempted Julia to invite the Countess to rise ; the bell was rung, and Cecile, in a short time, made her appearance.

Julia asked Cecile, whether she had seen the ghost, which Gripenau had frightened her with ?

Cecile. " There is no ghost, Mademoiselle, in the castle ; but Madam Gramont declares, there is one in the chapel. I asked the old lady a great many questions, and she told me every thing."

Countess. " You have then disobeyed my commands, Cecile. It was my orders, you did not let your tongue run."

Cecile. " The Virgin forgive me then ! and I beg your pardon, my

Lady ; but Madam Gramont is so good, and liked me so much, and was so very kind, and asked me so many questions, that I was obliged to talk against my will."

Countess. "Let us hear about the ghost in the chapel."

Cecile. "It is very true, I assure you, my Lady. Madam Gramont knows it to be true ; for, as master Gripenau said, the chapel has not been opened since the death of the Countess Dowager."

Countess. "This we have heard before, Cecile."

Julia. "Ha—such idle stuff! You are a gabbling, chattering fool, Cecile ; prating about every nonsense you hear ; so people laugh at you, and invent any trash to make you ridiculous : you shall sleep, in future, in the closet of our room."

Cecile. "But indeed, my Lady Julia, this is very true :—it is indeed."

Countess. "And suppose it is, what harm can the poor ghost do, when it is safely locked up? Come help to dress us, and we will leave the ghost for you and old Gramont to talk about."

They soon descended to walk the rampart, and survey the situation of the castle. Goismormant accompanied them, and with whom the Countess conversed, concerning the objects which struck her eye as she passed along.

The edifice which they occupied, in the centre of the area, had been repaired since the original erection, coeval with the date of the vast keep or dungeon, which proudly lifted its lofty battlements behind it, and topped all the other turrets. It was faced with great blocks of white stone. A corridor of marble pillars was in front, which ascended, by a semi-circular sweep of steps tangent, to the base of the capitals: extending the inverted curve, and forming the double flight. Over the corridor, was the date 1545, under the family arms, which Goismormant said, applied to the time of

the unfortunate John the Count ;”
“ but,” resumed the old bailiff, “ Ro-
lando, the hermit of the valley, has the
whole history.”

The front of this edifice, four hun-
dred feet in length, had been newly
faced by an Italian architect ; but the
interior parts were suffered to remain in
their antient state ; which, had the Count
lived long enough, would probably
have been more modernized.

The Countess observing, on the
wings of the centre edifice, two live
bears chained to a stone post, with
each a separate building of stone, like
a centry-box, to enter at pleasure, de-
manded the reason why they were
kept ? He informed her, that the no-
ble Count, his master, held his tenure
of the castle from a Prince of Dau-
phiny, by the maintenance of two
bears ; the supporters of his arms, and
which arms one of his ancestors as-
sumed, on a victory gained over a
Duke of Savoy, of the name of Our-
son ; and from which victory the
castle obtained the name of Creve-
Cœur.

The Countess desired him to relate the hisytory.

Goismormant. “The Duke was called Ourson, from his cruel fierceness of temper. The ancestor of your illustrious family had a beautiful daughter and a son. The name of the daughter was Olivet; and, if my memory serves me right, on her this couplet was made.

“When Olivet beholds the sun,
“The Savoyard will be undone.”

“But this saying, like others invented in the times of old, was not verified; for this beautiful lady, having been seized in the castle, with her brother, long resisted the allurements of the Duke’s person—when, after many cruelties, not to be mentioned, she was confined in the dungeon of yon square tower, where she soon died of a broken heart. This unhappy event, it is conjectured, gave the name of Crève-cœur to the castle. The horrid cruelties of the Duke roused your valiant ancestor to vengeance; and his followers, being assembled with great

force, laid an unwearied siege to the castle, which, after a stout resistance, obliged the cruel Duke to come to a parley. The only terms, which the brave Count deigned to offer, were, the unreserved surrender of himself, and his garrison, to his mercy.

“ Now, on the parley before the castle, when the Duke of Ourson could obtain no other terms, he was seen to mount the ramparts, with a drawn scymeter. A youth, with his hands tied behind him, and a bandage over his eyes, by his commands was conducted to him, when, giving a signal with his sword, for the trumpet to sound, he called loudly for the Count, and bade him come forth. The Count answered the appeal, and advanced. “ Count D’Haumont,” again cried the stern Ourson, “ behold your son !” He then commanded his head to be laid on the battlements, and again cried out— “ Call off your men, draw up on the plain, or I will toss you his head. I demand a better proof of your valour, in the open field. Deny me this, your son dies, and myself, and brave Sa-

voyards, will sell our lives dearly when you enter."

"The unexpected sight of an only child, whom he had given over as lost, and now exposed under this frightful alternative, staggered the Count. The feelings of a father, for a while, deprived him of utterance; but, roused from the last sound of the trumpet, he made this valiant reply: "Ourson! unbind the boy, send him safe to my arms, I will meet you in the field; and, if you talk of valour, say the numbers you can face me with. I will fight you man with man; the surplus shall file off, an hour's distance from the ground."

"The terms were accepted: the Count embraced his son. Ourson marched out of the castle, and the Count drew up his men on the plain. A dreadful onset took place. Victory declared for the Count, who, face to face, slew the Duke in single combat; but, alas! Lady, he only survived his glory and revenge a short time, having received a mortal wound from the cruel Duke.

“ Rolando, as I have before said, has this story at large, in some antient records, and I have often heard him read it. The writings were not found till within these five and twenty years, since the death of the late Count: the good man discovered them by accident, long concealed in a nich of his cell, which has been occupied, by succeeding hermits, for many generations.”

Goismormant seemed to be pleased, in dwelling on the name of this anchorite; but various reflections having occupied the mind of the Countess, part of his recital was unheeded, and they passed on to the eastern side of the castle: here the prospect was a direct contrast to the west; grand, awful, though bounded by near objects. Looking down from the battlements, an immense chasm struck the sight, as if left by some remote convulsion of the earth; the rampart was raised on the brink, humouring the natural position of the inaccessible height, which measured many fathoms to the bottom; there, a deep and broad water, was pent up by a sluice, supplied by the rivulet from the neigh-

bouring rocks. The bridge of the eastern entrance was thrown over this precipice, beyond which, other embattled works, of antient date, before the use of fire arms, ascended to the high tower, called the Defiance of Savoy, which bounded the prospect.

These exterior works appeared to have undergone no repairs since their original structure: they were thickly coated with ivy, lichen, and various shrubs, the produce of seeds from neighbouring parental stocks, deposited by birds: * in the areas of their extended lines grew the fir and pine; many of which, through decay or tempests, were lodged across the battlements, scattering the fragments of the walls around them.

* These lines, descriptive of the scenery, so necessary to engage the attention of the reader; to convey him, in imagination, to the spot itself, in the original manuscript stood in the text; which has been altered to their sense:

The hoary lichen all the structure drest;
Through mouldering walls the creeping ivy prest;
The sylvan root displaced the jutting frieze,
By birds first lodg'd, from seeds of neighb'ring
trees.

On passing from the eastern to the southern turret, they beheld an alley of old and umbrageous laurels: the scrambling branches almost concealed the avenue, which led to a pointed stone arch, over a flight of steps, of a building connected with the lofty square tower or keep. The Countess fixing her eyes on this spot, the only desolated one within the boundary of the Castle, Goismormant told her, that was the antient passage to the Chapel.

The curiosity of the Countess and Julia having been raised, by the blind tales of Cecile, concerning this chapel, they expressed their desire to see it; when the bailiff led them through the laurel grove. The long dog grass in flakes, moss and fern, shewed the path had been long unfrequented.

Goismormant. "The dew is still on the ground, Lady; and you will have a few roods to walk. Might I presume to advise, noble Countess, you had better forego a sight of it till the day is grown older."

"Lead us then to where we may view the edifice at a distance," replied the Countess. They now moved on some paces, when they observed, through an opening of the laurels, a fine remain of Gothic art.*

"This place seems to be much unfrequented, what is the reason?" resumed the Countess.

Goismormant. "There is good reason for that, my Lady." He gazed. "I have not been here myself for these many years. That holy spot, which contains the bodies of my late honoured master and his pious lady, strikes my breast with an unusual panic. I pray you let us return. The Count, in his will, ordered no person to enter it, after the decease of his noble consort, who lies buried by his side. It has been my duty, Lady, to see those commands obeyed.—Peace—peace to

* The front of the chapel was adorned with a circular window, over the pointed arch, through which gleamed a faint light, received from the long window of the chancel; and, by the varied colours, shewed it of painted glass. Each side of the portico was ornamented with the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, standing in a recess.

their souls! Alas! I must return—
This spot is holy ground; I interdict
all footsteps from this walk, over which
my beloved master, and his good lady,
have so often trod. Peace, peace to
their souls!”

Countess. “We are not then permitted to enter the chapel?”

Goismormant. “When you command, my honoured Lady, I will obey. The key is in my possession.”

Julia. “Would I might perform my orisons there!”

Goismormant. “Illustrious young lady, your virtues, and the virtues of the most noble Countess”—*His voice now faltered.*

Countess. “May what?”

Goismormant. “Dispel the mystery

Countess. “Ah! This speech is very strange.”

The tinkling of a bell was now heard. "This bell calls us to matins, noble Countess," said Goismormant; "is it your pleasure to return?"

Remounting the rampart, to return the way they came, the eyes of Julia were fascinated towards the chapel; when, looking through one of the flank battlements, she could discern a full view of one of its sides. Though her mind was too well stored with polished sentiments, to regard the tales of her servant, or the apparent superannuated fears of Goismormant, she found herself impelled, by a curious desire, to follow the line of rampart which led to the chapel. "Let us," she said to the Countess, "take a turn on this side, while the attendants get together, and we will then go to prayers."

Goismormant took a humble leave, and they proceeded. Approaching one of the salient angles of the rampart, which stood at no great distance from the chapel, and looking through one of the loop-holes, they had a full view of the western-side windows: one of the casements seemed shivered by the

wind ; the iron-bars were only remaining, which gave them an imperfect view of the chancel ; the window was of painted glass—and on the sides some vestiges of banners were seen waving over the tombs. The building protruded from the rampart, the portico of which was on a line with it ; the rampart concealing a small cemetery, fenced with a wall, in which a few pendant trees of ever-green were scattered.

This prospect was grand and picturesque : from the cemetery, the outer works of the fortification descended, tier above tier, among the rocks towards the south entrance, winding in a spiral line, and which was the road they passed from the ferry. At a profound depth was a verdant plain, skirted with wood, in which scattered flocks of sheep and goats were pasturing : through the plain a small rivulet wound itself along, directing its course to the river Durance.

CHAPTER X.

Though gorgeous splendour round our mansions wait ;
Though each luxurious pleasure smiles on state,
Care wounded hearts, in ermin'd robes complain,
Pant for repose, which grandeur seeks in vain.

THE matins ended, the Countess and Julia ascended to the state-room, where they breakfasted ; when the attendants were dismissed, they conferred on the event which had transpired in the Castle. The uncommon respect shewn by the High-bailiff—the order and decorum observed in all the attendants—the repast at supper—the display of the furniture, at so short a notice, and, in short, every object which they cast their eyes upon, shewed signs of previous preparation ; and they had no doubt but Goismormant, as they already gathered from his conversation, must have been instructed in some weighty concerns respecting the views of the Count ; but suspended between their hopes and their fears, they knew not

where to find relief. Ten days were passed at La Prairie, and no letters had yet been received from the Count. She had written to Madam Colombiere, but no answer had arrived. Her mind now became gloomy, and foreboded the worst---that St. Julien was dead, and that the ceremonies on the occasion had prevented her from fulfilling her promise.

Julia approaching the window, to unload her heart with silent tears, she fixed her eye on one of the circular ancient panes of glass, over which the arms of the family were illuminated, when she read these lines, cut with a diamond:

“ Loyal desir,
“ Amour, plaisir;
“ Mes maux font cause
“ Ces trois bonne choses.”

* The old French is here translated as near as English phraseology will admit.

I loyal prove,
I revel, love;
From these good things
My sorrow springs.

These old French lines her feeling heart applied to the sorrows she had caused in the breast of St. Julien, and the dreadful consequences which, she now believed, had resulted from his attachment.

The Countess sat reposing on her hand, musing on the singular and afflicting occurrences of her life. Both were assailed with momentary despair, when Gripenau entered, holding a letter in his hand—saying, “Countess, the post has brought this letter; but I marvel much you have received no instructions from the Count, my master. I wish there may be no disaster fallen out between him and the Count Montmelian. I was in hopes”—“Of what?” sharply answered the Countess; “that we should have found the Count Montmelian on our arrival,” he replied. “Where is the Count,” she resumed, “speak; your tongue has been silent till this moment.” “You have questioned me oftentimes before on this, Countess, but my orders are not to open my tongue to any one.” “Leave me then,” she said, while her trem-

bling hand was breaking the seal of the letter.

“ The letter is from Madam Colom-biere,” cried Julia, “ and sealed with red ; he still lives—heaven has heard my prayers.”

*Madame Colombiere to the Countess
D'Haumont.*

“ We are restored to joy, my dear Countess. With care and trouble to tranquilize his mind, the physician says St. Julien may gradually recover. The Marquis is resolved to tear him from the scene which has caused his malady ; and, as soon as possible, to join his regiment, and leave the kingdom.

“ I received your letter from Orleans. The extraordinary measure of the Count carries with it an awful complexion. You tell me Julia contemplates her intended union with horror. To be confined in a castle, and compelled to take the hand of a man whom her heart revolts at, brings to my mind

the barbarous ages in which flourished our tyrant lords, whose hinds and vassals, in their rural fastnesses, were prepared to execute their detestable mandates. May heaven deliver you both from these deplorable afflictions !

“ My nephew is bold to undertake any enterprize of chivalry. I have dispatched him as your champion ; he is set off for your deliverance, and will reach Dauphiny almost as soon as yourselves. May he prove himself another Amadis.

“ I have dared thus to trifle for a moment, because I am certain there is no condition in human life desperate, when our sex has spirit to assume a resolute courage to escape from trouble. Let me hear how you proceed, paint your situation in the most forcible colours ; you will thus inspire me with the best counsel to serve you. Open all your heart to me ; mine will sympathize for you and your lovely child, and prove that friendship in the breast of a woman never entered with more truth and zeal than in that of

COLOMBIERE.”

A faint ray of hope gleamed on the countenance of the Countess and Julia, when they perused this letter. It was like the dreadful pause of the executioner over the innocent victim, when commanded for a while to suspend his stroke.

Cecile now entered, to inform the Countess that preparations were making in the hall of audience by Monsieur Goismormant, for a ceremony which he would soon be ready to announce. Every fresh report of this nature added increase of terror to the Countess and Julia; they considered it as preparations for the ensuing nuptials, which were to take place between Julia and young Montmelian. Bewildered with increasing perplexities, wherever they turned their mental prospects, nothing but gloom and approaching tempest seemed to threaten them.

A rap was heard at the door, and Cecile was commanded to open it. Preville made his appearance, saying, Friar Guillaume was in waiting, and

demanded admittance. The Countess took this occasion to enquire if Gripenau had slept in the Castle; who replied, he did not, but that he entered it some time after the matins were over. Not seeing him there, she suspected by his absence, he had repaired to his master.

Preville and Cecile were ordered out of the room, and the friar to attend. Then the Countess exclaimed ---“ D’Haumont is near at hand.” Julia thought the same, and that the Count was at no great distance from the Castle.

When the friar entered, he presented the Countess with a letter, on which she saw the hand writing of the Count. Overjoyed, she claspt it to her breast, inquiring if he had received it from him. Friar Guillaume bowed, and bade her take cheer---pointing to his lips, he told her they must be sealed on that question. As he was leaving her, he turned round and said, “ you have many friends, noble Countess, in this Castle; implore heaven for suc-

cour, and you will triumph over the enemy at last!"

On opening the letter she read——

" I have reasons for hoping you will receive Count Montmelian and his son with that respect my views at present authorise. He has received my letters at Grenoble, and you may expect him shortly at the Castle. Heaven protect you both! HAUMONT."

P. S. " I have made most serious vows to remain concealed. The most important events depend on your silence and my own firmness. Fear to name your suspicions to any one."

Their apprehensions were but too fully justified, on perusing these short and fatal lines. The stroke which they waited, and dared not encounter without dread, was now ready to fall. The freshness of the ink in the letter, and the ambiguous words of Guillaume, well persuaded them that the Count was concealed in the cloister of Fraternité; and as the Montmelians

were on the road, the preparations in the hall of audience must be made for their nuptials.

The concealment also of the Count was a tacit proof, that on the completion of the ceremony he was prepared to enter the Castle; to fulfil the enjoined stipulations in the will of his father, and thus establish himself in the rightful possession of his hereditary domains.

Besides, the hour in the morning was ten; the matins were over at eight; and the time which it would have taken Guillaume to have returned from the convent---corresponded with the hour: this at once conspired to remove their doubts, and establish sufficient proof that their first surmise was well-founded.

Although joy brightened in their countenance on the belief that the Count was but a short distance from them; yet their thoughts of protection, springing from a tender hope he would not leave them defenceless,

were as suddenly dashed with compulsory obedience. Thus the Countess viewed her daughter as a victim to parental obligation, and Julia found no comfort but in her principles of duty.

Goismormant was now admitted, who came to inform them, the hall of audience would be opened at the hour of eleven, and all the persons prepared who were to perform the ceremony. At these words, they turned pale with fright: Julia believed the Montmelians were arrived, and concealed till she was to appear devoted before the altar, when their persons were to be revealed, and the much abhorred project put into execution.

The Grand Bailiff was adorned in another old-fashioned dress of ceremony; a cordon falling on his breast, to which were suspended the arms of Haumont. In his hand he carried a gold staff: he had on a pair of white gloves, and his hair, if possible, whiter with powder than the night before, when he stood on one side of the Countess at supper. His ceremonious appearance thus served to heighten their fears.

Goismormant. “ Your attendants, most illustrious Countess, are all in waiting ; and when you please to give us your commands, we will begin the ceremony.”

“ What ceremony, High Bailiff ? ” answered the Countess with faltering tongue.

Goismormant. “ I thought, noble Countess, you were already acquainted with the ancient usage of the Castle. Your tenants and retainers are arrived to make oaths of their allegiance ; and to crave redress of certain wrongs, of which they but too justly complain.”

Their fears now vanished, when they heard it was only some necessary ceremony to be observed on their arrival : but the extraordinary preparation and bustle, united with the general joy which seemed to pervade all descriptions of the old inhabitants, convinced them the Count was at the bottom of some design to which these arrangements were antecedent, and on the execution of which matters of great importance depended.

Goismormant was ordered to proceed with the accustomed forms; that they would attend at the hour of eleven.

Cecile now entered, with a prodigious flow of spirits, exclaiming, "the castle was about to be thronged with a wondrous crowd of folks; that many were arrived, and numbers pouring in from all the gates; that all the marshalsmen and retainers were arrayed in their accoutrements, making a most beautiful appearance; that Madam Gramont was so much delighted on the occasion, that Monsieur Goismormant and herself had been shaking each other by the hand, and thanking Heaven that they should once more see all the fine rejoicings coming over again in the castle."—"Blessed, blessed virgins," cried Cecile, "I never heard of such odd doings in all my life before! I took a peep at the hall of audience, as they call it, with Madam Gramont, who was so much overjoyed, that she wept and laughed, and sighed and wept, and laughed again and again, as we went through the long gallery; and there I was struck dumb, as I vow, my Lady; I never saw any thing so

grand ; the men were putting up fine painted flags and banners, and such a prodigious fine place ! It is as large as a cathedral.—Well, I wonder, now, what is to be the end of all this !”

The Countess and Julia rose to the window, as the peasantry were entering the great yard of the Castle, dressed in their holiday suits, with ribbands in their hats, and posies in their bosoms. As they passed the window, they all cast their eyes to it, moving their hats, and showing every demonstration of joy in their countenances.

Cecile now pressed the ladies to hasten to their toilet, saying, there was no time to lose, and enquiring what suit of clothes they would be pleased to put on ? The Countess bade her prepare their most splendid apparel ; jewelry, and all the gala of their wardrobe. The girl left them in raptures.

When the castle clock struck the hour of eleven, Goismormant came to enquire, with most profound respect, if the Countess and Julia were in readiness to descend ? They proceeded to

the vestibule, Goismormant going before them with his staff of office.

Four little girls, dressed in white robes, and ornamented with ribbands, met them as they descended the grand stair-case ; when, making a low obeisance to them, they presented each with bouquet of choice flowers ; and then stooped to take up their trains.

In the vestibule, twelve young women, dressed in white, with knots of ribbands on their shoulders, wreathes of flowers on their heads, and baskets of flowers in their hands, made the same obeisance. Goismormant, joining Sebastian, the grand veneur, who was also in a magnificent dress, with a silver staff in his hand, placed themselves at the head of the twelve young women, who, strewing flowers as they walked along, conducted the Countess to the dining hall, where she passed a line of marshalsmen and retainers in military array.

They were then conducted through a long gallery from a Gothic door of the dining-hall, the windows of paint-

ed glass, the intervals adorned with marble statues, and the pavement a Mosaic, curiously ornamented with es-cutcheons and various devices.

At the end of this long gallery, they ascended a flight of steps to the hall of audience. A pair of brazen gates stood open ; the arched door was ornamented with the Haumont arms, richly emblazoned ; the hall was one hundred feet in length ; the windows also of painted glass, with fine designs of legislative authority, from sacred and classic history ; one window was illuminated with the Judgment of Solomon ; on the other, the condemnation of the sons of Brutus ; the figures as big as life—in the arches, at the top, were represented the armorial bearings of the Counts, quartered with the arms of the families they married into. In the interstices of the windows, banners and trophies were thickly crowded ; the insignia of military honours which the succeeding Counts had atchieved ; amongst which, one was displayed in its progressive order of the present Count, for his valour in the service of his country.

At the farther end of the hall was a marble throne, ascending by a flight of marble steps, with marble ballustrades: on the posts of which were the supporters and arms of the Count. On each side of the throne the statues of Justice and Fortitude, of white marble, were placed in recesses: before the throne, under the ballustrades, was a table covered with crimson velvet. The throne was ornamented with purple velvet curtains, with gold fringes, descending on each side from a circular projecting canopy, and a purple curtain was on the seat.

The Countess and Julia, with the grand-bailiff, grand-veneur, the girls strowing flowers before them, the marshalsmen and retainers bringing up the train, moved up the centre of the hall. As they entered, trumpets sounded from a gallery over the door, which continued till the Countess took her seat on the throne, with Julia by her side. Goismormant and Sebastian took their posts on each side: the former to the right, the latter to the left.

When the retainers and marshalsmen were ranged on the side of the hall,

cending; a long white staff, with a Goismormant with his wand made signal to the trumpets, which sounding a flourish, the peasantry and others flocked in, taking their stands before the former. The hall being full, Goismormant made another signal, and the trumpet sounded again, when, advancing in front of the ballustrades before the throne, he exclaimed—

“ Juliana Haumont, the noble consort of the most noble and most puissant John Count of Haumont, takes possession of her rightful inheritance of the seigniority and *appanage* belonging to the castle of Crève-cœur; let all appellants against this rightful inheritance now stand forth and shew their claim.” Sebastian then advancing in the place of Goismormant, who returned to his post, threw an old iron gauntlet in the middle of the hall. The trumpet sounded three times.

From the flight of steps to the long gallery, an old hermit, with a long white beard falling on his black tunic, leading a tame white roebuck with a bell hanging to its collar, was seen as-

cross at the top, was in his other hand. He walked leisurely up the middle of the hall, and received from the hands of Friar Guillaume, who stood in front of the table, a small wooden bowl, which contained holy water. Whispering a prayer over it, he afterwards dipped his finger into it, and crossed himself. He then mounted the steps to the throne, followed by Guillaume, carrying the bowl of holy water. Approaching the Countess, he presented the bowl to her, who, dipping her finger, crossed herself, the hermit saying the benedicite. It was then presented to Julia, who did the same. Then bowing his body, he presented the roebuck to her, which Guillaume desired her to hold in her hand, by the white knotted cord, during the ceremony.*

* This custom of presenting the tame white roebuck was an ancient emblem of the fief in this part of Dauphiny; shewing the surrender of the domain typified in the animal; the knots in the white cord denoted the number of years the fief was thus held in tenure. The hermit was the emblem of the Catholic religion, which the Counts were bound by oath to maintain and defend at the hazard of their lives and properties. This ceremony, had the Count been present in person, would have taken place; the grand-bai-

The hermit bowing, and Guillaume the same, to the Countess, they severally took their stations on each side of her.

The high-bailiff now advanced, bending one knee, and returned to his post: the grand veneur did the same. Then Gramont and all the domestics, the marshalsmen and retainers, with the peasantry, one by one, ascended the left hand flight of steps, and each, as they passed, made an obeisance to the Countess, and descending the right hand flight, departed severally from the hall; the trumpet sounding a flourish during the time this ceremony lasted.

When this pageant was over, Goismormant took his seat under the balustrades, at the table, with pen and ink before him. Sebastian stood at the door of the hall, and from a list which he held in his hand called the names of those persons who had petitions to lay

liff presenting him with a massy two-handed sword, on which he must have laid his hands, and taken the oath, before the white roebuck was delivered to him.

before the Countess. A young woman, with a child in her arms, advanced to the hall, and moving up to the table, laid a petition upon it, which the Countess received from Goismormant on the point of a spear. The petition claimed redress for injustice done to her family by Count Montmelian, who having confined her husband in the prison of Grenoble for arrears due from his farm which he held under the seignior, had perished through misery and a broken heart; thus herself, several young children, and an old infirm father, being deprived of their principal support, were reduced to poverty.

Now old and young, with petitions of various descriptions, one after another, moved up to the table, and in silent respect placed their papers on it, which the Countess attentively perused, and wherein were stated the injustice and the great extortion practised by Count Montmelian. The Countess considering these petitions might be exaggerated, referred them to the high-bailiff, who said, the complaints were well founded; that Count Montmelian having the power of controul over him and the

domains of the Count, had governed as a cruel and merciless tyrant. "Bear witness," cried the high-bailiff, "that I have relieved you all from my own purse, and encouraged you to bear up with your sufferings 'till the rightful heir to this castle, to whom you have sworn allegiance, should have finally redressed them." They all bore witness to the tender compassion of Goismormant.

They were then dismissed, with assurances of speedy redress. When the hall was cleared, a folding door on one side of the hall was opened by Sebastian, where a band of music was heard; a gilded antiquated car was wheeled to the bottom of the steps, drawn by twelve young men, fantastically dressed with wreathes of ribbands and flowers. The Countess and Julia being conducted to the car, Goismormant desired them to take their seats in it. They were then wheeled through a line of the marshalsmen, retainers, and peasantry, who closed in the rear in a column of pairs, each peasant holding a willow wand. The car was thus wheeled round the compass of the Castle, with

the music playing to the following old air, accompanied with male and female voices :

Brave men all, and castle strong—
To arms—to arms!—we'll hold out long;
Defy the pike, the sword, and sling,
Or the swift arrow on its wing.
Lead on, brave Count, we're liege-men all;
Come on, come on, we'll stand or fall.*

This was the old martial air of the Castle, supposed to be made during the time of a siege, and handed down from generation to generation, and invariably sung at all their revels and ancient ceremonies.

The procession having stopped at the portico, and the Countess and her daughter conducted to their apartments, the attendants dispersed.

On their entry into the state room, a collation was placed on the table, and

* The old French.

Courage, courage, la citadelle :
Nos lousquenets battent à merveille
Pique arba lete, fronde ou l'épée
Se moquent nos, gens en bon harnois.
Aux loups, aux loups, donne vive bataille
Le mort n'est rien pour bon vassal.

the attendants left them to themselves. With surprise and wonder they considered the scene that had passed like a fairy enchantment. Lost in various conjectures, they sat in silent contemplation, till Julia awakened the reverie of the Countess, by saying her curiosity was raised in beholding the reverend and dignified looks of Rolando, the hermit, when he presented the white roebuck, and expressed her desire to visit his hermitage. Cecile was ordered into the room, and the presence of Monsieur Goismormant was commanded. The girl, before she left the ladies, declared she had seen such a sight!—the prodigious fires in the kitchen, and such a dinner dressing!—and that Madam Gramont told her all the peasants were to dine in the great hall, and the Countess in public.

The ceremony of the audience-chamber, and this festival, they now naturally concluded, was a preconcerted plan, on which some important view of the Count depended, and who must have been the principal actor in it. It was therefore their determined resolution to conform to the ceremonies in

every tittle. Julia said she saw in the morning the provisions carrying through the yard; and as the people who conveyed them came from the south gate, the Countess had no doubt but her conjectures were well founded.

When Goismormant entered, he was questioned on the history of Rolando, the anchorite, who having narrated the leading parts of it, concluded his story with saying, "Most noble and illustrious Countess, if some grief lies heavy at your heart, the good Rolando will inspire you with fortitude." They expressed their desire to visit his hermitage. Goismormant replied, He had reasons of great weight which prevented him from obeying her commands, if those commands were to accompany them. "I will, most honoured Countess, conduct you to the eastern door, called the Defiance of Savoy, from whence you may mark the way; but I beseech you to let your visit be by break of the morn, lest your progress there should be noted. The road is not frequented in that quarter." These words of Goismormant produced emotion in the Countess, who again

questioned him on his reasons: he then addressed her, saying, "If Count Montmelian knew I counselled you to this, my life would answer for it. I already perceive you find some mystery in the Castle. Alas! Heaven alone must govern you in this pilgrimage; a feeble, old, unrighteous transgressor, and unschooled as your servant is, he cannot unravel mysteries like the good and sage Rolando."

Countess. "A mystery, say you?"

Goismormant. "There is; but Rolando will unfold it. I pray you be with him early by to-morrow's dawn. Great events depend on your visit to him, and right glad I am, you, noble Countess, have questioned me concerning this holy man. Suffer me to tap at your bed-room door, and I will conduct you privately out of the castle walls."

The Countess then asked him if he had news of Count Montmelian? He replied, that Gripenau had within that hour posted through the Grenoble gate, which he concluded was to hasten their

arrival. The old bailiff, as he departed, praying Heaven to strengthen her resolution to visit Rolando, wiped a tear from his eye.

The day was passed with festivity and carousing in the Castle; all hearts were rejoicing but those of the Countess and Julia. They were served at dinner with magnificence, in the hall, and every avenue to it was crowded with the villagers, who beheld them seated at table.

When they rose, the long tables were spread, and parties, by turns, occupied them, till the whole were supplied with hospitable cheer.

When the ceremony of dining in public was over, the Countess and her daughter ascended to the state-room. A door opened into the landing-place which led to the music gallery, which entering, and moving the curtain on one side, they looked down on their cheerful dependants, seated in order and discretion—Goismormant and Sebastian presiding at the centre table, with the principal attendants of the

Castle. Thus, for a few moments, they viewed their jovial revels commence, which, according to the old couplet,

Made it merry in the hall,
When beards wagged all,

CHAPTER XI.

Cease, cease, desponding mortal to complain!
Thy thoughts, if just, thy heart, if free from stain,
Know this; some hovering cherub safe presides,
Smooths the rough path, or through the desert guides.

WHEN the vespers were over, the Countess and Julia retired to their apartment, discoursing on their anxious condition, and the gloomy history of the Castle, the events of past ages. The name of the Montmelian family dissipated every vision of hopeful happiness from their minds, and every gloomy thought which fancy could suggest, crowded upon them. The mystery of the chapel; the reluctance of Goismormant to approach it; and the equally extraordinary one of the concealed views of the Count; the remonstrance of the peasantry against his unjust and oppressive conduct in the affairs of the domain; the deliberate and regular statement in the petitions; the solemnity of the hall of audience, and all the other ceremonies which welcomed their arrival, furnish-

ed subjects for their hopes and their fears. At one time they were tempted to believe these petitions augured a favourable hope; that the extraordinary claim of Count Montmelian might be resisted: then again they judged, as the alliance was under the auspices of the Count, the nuptials would unite discordancy; especially as their complaints would be redressed, which the Countess wisely judged it prudent so to promise; conceiving their remonstrances were instigated for this purpose, and which might be planned by the concealed interference of the Count. They then rehearsed the ambiguous discourse of Goismormant: His humble respectful behaviour, his uniform piety charmed them from any apprehensions of hypocrisy and mistrust; his caution too in counselling them to visit father Rolando awakened their curiosity, and which assured them he himself was in possession of some important secret which nearly concerned them, and which might be disclosed by the anchorite.

The terror on the mind of Julia awakened her devout religious princi-

ples, and she more than once mentioned the repose she might experience in the convent. Her premature and youthful vows of taking the veil, instilled by the artful Florentine, withdrew her thoughts from the tumultuous scenes her present situation seemed to threaten her with; she took her chaplet of beads in her hand, with her eyes fixed on the portraits. She reasoned with the Countess on the disobedience of her father's commands, before which she placed the solemn duties of her religious principles; nor did her mother contend against her arguments. It was an alternative much to be lamented, but which an anxious tender parent thought might be embraced, if she lost her firmness on the dreadful issue of the Montmelian claim: but this they thought themselves bound to encounter, in compliance with the wishes of a husband and father, for whom they entertained the most affectionate regard.

Wearied by numerous wanderings of troubled fancy, they were in hopes a temporary oblivion of sleep would give them a short respite from mental mi-

sery. Cecile was therefore ordered to attend them.

When she entered, they observed her eyes glancing on all the sides of the room; the colour had forsaken her cheeks. "On my life," cried Julia, "this fool has been frightened with some absurd story."—"No, my Lady," she replied, "I have not been frightened with any story. Saints in paradise! I vow I will not go to bed to night." The Countess and Julia spoke roundly to her, and insisted on knowing the cause of her vain fears. Cecile, trembling, and her tongue faltering, said, Madam Gramont had made her swear on the crucifix not to divulge any thing; "so I will not break my word; for I am sure I shall never close my eyes again in this frightful old castle. Holy Virgin! have mercy upon me! I wish I was at La Prairie again. If Monsieur Goismormant or Greville had been with us, they would have been frightened as well as ourselves."

Gramont was now ordered into the room. Cecile fell down on her knees, beseeching the Countess not to force

her to divulge the sight, repeating, that Madam Gramont had obliged her to kiss the crucifix; and, with dismal groans, seemed ready to fall into hysterics. Her conduct not a little disconcerted them; but, regardless of her entreaties, the bell was rung, and a servant was ordered to call Gramont, while Julia, chiding Cecile at one time, and soothing her at another, endeavoured to calm her extraordinary agitation.

When the old housekeeper entered, she was questioned by the Countess on the sight which had so much terrified their waiting-woman. Gramont began by saying, "that when the peasantry retired, Cecile and myself walked out on the ramparts: and, having questioned me on many tales related of the chapel, which she had heard from the servants, I found her curiosity was greatly raised to look at it; but on approaching it, she refused to proceed, and desired me to turn back again, as her heart had failed her. She then questioned me about the old story of Lady Oliver, and wished to see the tower where she was confined, and if the dungeon was still to be seen. To

which I replied, I would accompany her there, and ask Monsieur Goismormant for the keys of the old apartments of the castle, which led through the gallery to the square tower. After some hesitation, she consented. Monsieur Goismormant let us have the keys, with promises we would not mention it to any of the other servants, because he was of late cautious to let any one enter there for the sake of idle curiosity. Wherefore, that she might keep her word, knowing she was given to talk a great deal, I pulled out my pocket crucifix, and desired her to kiss it, to enjoin her to secrecy.

“As we entered the square tower, I was obliged to unlock a ponderous door which opened to the armoury, through which, being the centre and lower apartment, we were obliged to pass, to a stair-case which descended to the subterraneous rooms cut out of the native rock; and which, in ancient times, were made use of for places of confinement. When the door was opened, it jarred on its hinges, and shook the armour; which causing one piece of mail to fall from the wall to the

floor, so much terrified Cecile, that, shrieking out, she made the best of her way back again."

"If this be all," said the Countess, "Cecile had better think of returning to La Prarie, for if there be any real apparitions in the Castle, her heart will not be stout enough to look upon them."

"There is no reason, I hope, to apprehend any such sights in the Castle, my Lady," returned Gramont; "as to what is said concerning the chapel, that you know, my Lady, is locked up, and no person has any right to pry about it."

Julia. "You believe, I see, in spectres, old lady? Why should spectres walk there? Are not masses constantly said for the souls of my honoured ancestors, and is not the Chapel consecrated ground?"

Gramont. "So I have often said to Monsieur Goismormant, my honoured Lady, but then you know —"

Julia. " I know if people are good, an evil spirit cannot hurt them. What is the name of the chapel?"

Gramont. " St. Peter and St. Paul."

Julia. Then St. Peter and St. Paul will not suffer their departed souls to be troubled in this world again."

Gramont. " I hope not, my lady ; yet, they say, the Count will certainly appear in a short time."

Julia. " Have you ever seen him?"

Gramont. " Holy St. Genevive, I should not be afraid ; he was a good master, and too pious to do me any harm."

Julia. " I wish, Madam Gramont, you would not in future listen to any of Cecile's questions. Her idle curiosity is always employed in leading her acquaintance to these old-fashioned credulities, and they take advantage of her silly and childish notions. No more of it, if you please."

The dialogue thus ended, and Madam Gramont was dismissed.

On further questioning Cecile, it seemed she had some cause for her fright; for having been discoursing with Gramont, and listening to the long gossip of the old woman on apparitions, her mind had received no small impression. When the door of the armoury was opened, the full pieces of mail, with their helmets and plumes raised on the posts, a sight she had never seen before, and which Gramont did not prepare her for, suddenly struck her, and which she believed to be supernatural appearances. Thus, her fears naturally enough excited, joined to the unfortunate crash of the mail in falling, almost deprived her of her senses, before the old woman had an opportunity to reason on the fact. However, the dungeon expedition was instantly given over; and Madam Gramont, with all the powers of reason, could not dispel the charm which the first impression had produced.

Midnight was advancing apace; the increasing solicitude of the Countess

prevented her from going to rest. The air was chill in the great room. Cecile was ordered to light the bundle of wood, and permitted to sit down, having refused to go to bed, though her closet was adjoining to their room. The girl, overawed and consternated with the extraordinary events of the day, and her mind confused with the buzz of information she had picked up among the domestics and people in the castle, looked wild and restless. Julia sat pensive. Cecile attempted to speak more than once, but was repeatedly checked by Julia, believing some fresh story of a spirit was pent up in her bosom, and which she was labouring to reveal. Julia herself, though reproving Cecile for her fancies, was not a little surprised into a panic.

The melancholy in the looks of the Countess and Julia, and their long continued silence, operated with redoubled efficacy on the girl, who was embodying her fears, and wanted some person to converse with; and who, no longer able to contain herself, burst out with, "Blessed Virgin! I shall stay no longer in this room: I am sure we shall

all be murdered." This alarmed the Countess and Julia, who jumped up to prevent her from opening the door; for she seemed resolved to disturb the repose of the castle.

The bolts, bars, and shutting of doors, resounding through the large spacious apartments under them, had long announced the departure of the attendants to their rooms for the night.

The girl, frightened by threats of being dragged to her closet, where she should be locked up, returned at length to her chair; when the Countess asked her the cause of these alarms. "It is no matter, my Lady," she replied, "Lady Julia will not suffer me to speak; and I vow I will not stay any longer here; so if the Virgin preserves me over this night, Master Preville and myself are resolved to set off to-morrow." While she was talking, Julia, who sat by the side of the Countess, observed her staring at the picture of the Count. The girl sat opposite to them, and the light of the fire,

with the candles on the table, reflected a full splendour on the portrait in the recess; which, by day-light and the gloom of the room, was much obscured. As she looked, Julia observed her words to falter. "On my life," she exclaimed, "I believe Cecile is frightened at the picture!"

She had no sooner uttered this, when the girl set up a most hideous scream, and so dreadful, that the Countess and Julia believed she had actually been scared with the sight of some supernatural appearance.

Scolding her was now to little purpose. They tried soothing words. "What do you see there, Cecile?" cried Julia. "I see nothing but the picture," said the Countess, who was almost as much agitated as Cecile. She was still fixing her eyes on the portrait. Julia went up to it with as much firmness as she was mistress of, although her steps trembled with the panic which the fears of Cecile harrowed up. "See here," says Julia, holding the candle to the portrait of the Count, "see here, this is only a painting." A groan at

this moment was heard under it. The candle dropped out of the hand of Julia ; when the lap-dog jumped down from a stool in the recess, and Cecile fell down on the marble hearth, seized with an hysteric fit.

The groan was from the dog, who had been dreaming, after being fatigued with padding after his mistress ; and hearing the approach of Julia, waked and jumped down to fondle upon her.

The necessary succour was to be given to Cecile, whose hands were clenched, her head knocking against the marble, and her feet kicking. This expelled the apprehensions of spirits for the moment. Having raised her up in the chair, the Countess tried all her strength to hold her till Julia fetched a bason of cold water from the bed-room ; some of which being thrown on her face, she revived ; and being placed with her head towards the fire, lest, catching sight of the portrait, she might again relapse into a fit, by degrees she found the use of her tongue. Her fears having done their worst, she grew more composed ; and Julia assuring her the

groan was only from the dog, pointing to the spot where it lay, and which the trembling girl was still afraid to look at, lest she might catch a glimpse of the portrait, now began to complain of a bruise on her head, and great soreness over her body.

She was really an object of compassion; for the poor creature had tore her cap off her head, and the clothes almost off her body, and had bruised herself very much.

They now tried to reason with her, and to convince her that her fright had done her more injury than the real appearance of a spirit; which she at last confessed.

The Countess now ventured to ask her the cause of her fears.

Cecile. "I solemnly protest, and I call the Holy Virgin to witness the truth, I saw the self same figure in the tower *all alive*."

The Countess and Julia forced a laugh, saying, "It must be the whole pieces of armour you saw."

Cecile. "The Virgin defend me then, if it is not the truth—all but the face and the cap on the head! I never saw such a strange sight in all my life before."

Countess. "You never saw a man in armour then?"

Julia convinced her by a little reason, that no ghost could possibly be seen in armour; for how could a spirit without flesh and blood put such heavy accoutrements on? "Very true," said Cecile, "but do not let me sit facing the picture any more."

They now thought proper to remove from the scene which caused all of them so much terror, raised by their insubstantial fears. Having entered their bed-room, they knelt to their orison. Cecile went to the head of the bed, and dipped her fingers in the small vase containing holy water, and crossed herself; she then retired to her closet, praying the door might be left open.

The sleep of Julia was disturbed, and she more than once awakened the Coun-

tess with her groans; who soothed and tranquilized her with maternal tenderness; but the impressions which her mind had received still continued: the Countess had dropt into sleep again, when Julia, in a horrid scream of "Murder!" awaked the terrified mother, who also called aloud for assistance.

The light was almost extinguished, and every object in the old furnished room still served to add to their terror. A fearful dream had covered Julia with cold drops of sweat. Cecile had joined her screams with the Countess, who never attempted to rise, but continued screaming at intervals, while the Countess was repeatedly pulling the cord of a bell at her bed-side, which went to a small passage over the bed room door of Gramont. The old house-keeper soon making her appearance, presented a figure sufficiently hideous to appal the most collected mind.

The Countess having repeatedly called to Cecile, and finding she made no answer, believed her gone off into a fit again. Therefore, desiring Madam

Gramont to go to her, she soon found her suspicions but too well verified. Poor Cecile was beating and writhing the bed-clothes.

Madam Gramont, by the orders of the Countess, having sprinkled cold water on her face, she soon came to herself; but casting her eyes on the old housekeeper, clad in a white mantle thrown over her head, which reached to her heels, she screamed out "murder!" with redoubled energy, and fell into her fits again.

They had now some trouble to recover her; when, by ordering Gramont to sleep with her in the closet, and the affair being explained, the poor creature yielded at last to the fatigue of body caused by her fits, and gradually grew composed.

Julia had dreamed she was seated at a magnificent festival, with St. Julien by her side. That in the midst of a conversation which raised her soul to the supreme of earthly happiness, she saw him beckoned away from the room by the young Montmelian; who, holding

a drawn sword in his hand, challenged him to combat. St. Julien obeyed the summons, and rose to follow him. Af-frighted, she snatched hold of him, to withhold his going out. At that mo-ment, Montmelian, rushing upon him, stabbed him to the heart, and he fell, expiring at her feet.

END OF VOL. I.